

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 57.—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

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6d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—SATURDAY CONCERT. Dec. 6, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include:—Symphony, No. 4, in D minor (Schumann); Piano-forte Concerto, No. 3 (Saint-Saëns)—first time in England; Poème Symphonique, "Le Rouet d'Omphale" (Saint-Saëns) first time at these concerts, conducted by the Composer; Overture, *Tannhäuser* (Wagner). Vocalist—Mdm Sophie Löwe. Pianist—M. Saint-Saëns (his first appearance at the Crystal Palace). Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

WEDNESDAY NEXT.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.—Mr JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce that the FOURTH CONCERT of the FOURTEENTH SEASON will be given on WEDNESDAY next, at eight o'clock, when the following artists will appear:—Mdm Edith Wynne and Miss Mary Davies; Mdm Antoinette Sterling and Miss Hope Glenn; Mr Sims Reeves and Mr Hollins; Mr Santley, Mr Alfred Moore, and Mr Maybrick. Piano-forte—Mdm Arabella Goddard. The London Vocal Union, under the direction of Mr Fred Walker. Conductors—Mr SIDNEY NAYLOR and Mr HENRY PARKER. Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s. Tickets of Mr Austin, St James's Hall; the usual Agents; and at Boosey & Co.'s Ballad Concert Office, 295, Regent Street.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY. President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERTH. Thirteenth Season, 1879. The next ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 17. Several novelties will be introduced and full particulars duly announced. Gentlemen Amateurs desirous of joining may have Prospectus on application to H. G. HOPPER, Hon. Sec.

244, Regent Street, W.

THIS EVENING.

MUSICAL ARTISTS' SOCIETY. President—His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT, K.G. THE SIXTEENTH PERFORMANCE of NEW COMPOSITIONS will take place at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Hanover Square, this (Saturday) Evening, Dec. 6, at Eight o'clock. String Quartets by C. E. Stephens and Arthur Cunniff, Mus. Bac.; Cantata; Sonatas by Henry Westrop and W. H. Holmes; Songs by Miss L. M. Kerr, Charlotte Gilbert, Charles Gardner, H. C. Banister, George Gear, and Stephen Kemp. Executants—Miss Lizzie Evans, Miss Goldbro', Miss Elene Webster, Miss Sophie Smith; Messrs Coventry, W. H. Eayres, Davies, Svendsen, Frederic King, Ralph Odaker, R. Blagrove, W. Pettit, W. H. Holmes, and Master Barker.

E. H. THORNE, Hon. Sec.

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MDME JENNY VIARD-LOUIS begs to announce a FIRST MATINÉE DE MUSIQUE DE CHAMBRE, at STEINWAY HALL, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, on WEDNESDAY, Dec. 17th, at Three o'clock. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 5s. Tickets may be obtained at the Hall, or of Mdm VIARD-LOUIS, 4, Onslow Place, Onslow Crescent, South Kensington.

MDLE BARRY GUIDO begs to announce that her FIRST GRAND EVENING CONCERT will take place at the LANGHAM HALL, on THURSDAY Evening, Dec. 11. Vocalists—Mdlle Nita Guzman, Mdlle Adeline Faget, Miss Alice Glyfforde, Mdlle Barry Guido, Mr J. H. Pearson, Mr H. L. Fulkerson, Mr Frenon, and Signor Monari-Rocci. Instrumentalists: Piano-forte—Mdlle Barry Guido, Miss Evelyn Kingsley, and Herr Carl Haase; Violin—Herr Otto Booth; Violoncello—Herr Schubert. Conductor—Herr SCHUBERTH. Tickets at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

OXFORD.—NEW COLLEGE CHOIR.—TRIAL OF BOYS' VOICES on THURSDAY, Jan. 15, 1880, at Noon. FOUR VACANCIES. Special Terms for a SOLO BOY. For particulars apply to C. E. BICKMORE, Esq., New College, Oxford.

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Mdm Marie Rose and Mdm Trebelli.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), Dec. 6, VERDI'S Opera, "AIDA." Rhadames, Signor Frapoll; Amosaro, Signor Pantaleoni; Ramis, Signor Pinto; Il Re, Signor Susini; Amneris, Mdm Trebelli; and Aida, Mdm Marie Rose.

MONDAY next, Dec. 8, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Mdm Eugénie Pappenheim, Mdlle Marie Lido, and Mdlle Minnie Hawk.

TUESDAY next, Dec. 9, "CARMEN." Mdm Marie Rose.

Grand Morning Performance.

WEDNESDAY next, Dec. 10 (at Two o'clock), "LOHENGGRIN."

WEDNESDAY Evening next, Dec. 10, "IL TROVATORE."

THURSDAY next, Dec. 11, "AIDA."

FRIDAY next, Dec. 12, "LOHENGGRIN."

Doors open at Seven. The Opera will commence at Half-past Seven. Orchestral Stalls, 12s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 8s.; Box Seats, 6s.; Pit, 3s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 4s.; Gallery Stalls, 2s.; Gallery, 1s.; Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. upwards.

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MISS EMMELINE DICKSON, Soprano, begs to announce her RETURN to TOWN. For Engagements for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., address, Mr N. VERT, 52, New Bond Street, W.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play ASCHER's popular Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at the Crystal Palace, on Dec. 10 and 12, and on Dec. 15, and six following days, at the Brighton Aquarium.

ASCHER'S "ALICE."

MISS NINA BRUNEL will play ASCHER's popular Fantasia on "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" Every Evening during the ensuing week at Oxford.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR E. BRYANT will sing (by desire) "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr John Cheshire's Evening Concert, at the Eyre Arms, Friday, Dec. 19.

"THE WANDERER."

MISS LOUISA BALL, the young Elocutionist, will recite Mr EDWARD OXFORD's Poem, "THE WANDERER" (by desire) on Saturday evening, December 13, at the Post Office Orphan Home Concert, St James's Hall.

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR LEONARD POYNTER will sing (by desire), on Monday evening, at Lamas Hall, Battersea, ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"

MR HOLLINS will sing ASCHER's popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Mr John Boosey's London Ballad Concert, St James's Hall, on Wednesday next.

"THE LADY OF THE LEA."

MISS COYTE TURNER will sing HENRY SMART's admired Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Lancaster Hall, Dec. 13; Limehouse, Dec. 16; and at the opening concert of the Holborn Town Hall, Dec. 22.

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MIGNON.

GODFREY'S admired WALTZ on AMBROISE THOMAS'S beautiful Opera *Mignon*, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, London, W.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The programme of last Saturday's concert, if not one of a specially important character such as now and then draws all musical London to Sydenham, was by no means wanting in interest, nor destitute of qualities adapted to please the majority. It contained, for example, a symphony by Haydn, never before played at the Crystal Palace. *La Chasse*, so the work is called, after the conventional hunting style of its *finale*—is not one of the old master's greatest productions, but may, nevertheless, claim to be considered in the light of a thoroughly representative thing. The first movement is pure Haydn, alike in its set form as in the fluency of its themes and the clearness and elegance of their treatment. But the *andante*, which consists of an air with variations, appeals to even greater favour. Its melody is one of those simple and beautiful tunes which, because of their simplicity, a modern composer would scarcely dare to offer, even if he could invent them; while the variations upon it show how well Haydn was able to use that form for orchestral purposes. The minuet is, in its way, equally characteristic, and, if the hunting *finale* may be regarded as a mere *jeu d'esprit*, it, at any rate, has the merit of a bright and bustling character, well sustained without resorting to commonplace. Another work in the programme, though founded upon a Haydn melody, appealed to very different tastes, and Brahms would, perhaps, have done better had he chosen a theme of our own day for treatment, which, if old in form, is essentially modern in character. That the German master's variations for orchestra on the theme of his illustrious predecessor, are elaborate and skilful, cannot be denied. But it is equally true that they are overwrought—made to exhibit the composer's constructive skill instead of the fullness of his melodic inspiration and the brightness of his fancy. It is as though in a pretended impromptu verse one could see between the lines evidence of painful sacrifice at the shrine of a reluctant muse. Hence the work, for all its skill, gives an impression of heaviness, not to say dullness. Brahms upon Haydn was appropriately followed by Hellmesberger upon Handel; the Vienna musician having kindly dressed up an air from *Serse* in a disguise which, as "G." ally observes, if not legitimate, is at least attractive to the public. In our view, there is no question at all about the legitimacy of such a thing as this. If Herr Hellmesberger cannot invent a tune for himself, let him put away his pen altogether—we are not aware that the world would be a serious loser in consequence. At any rate he has no business to take another man's melody and use it as dummy for the display of his own goods. As regards its being "attractive to the public," we are surprised to find such a plea in a Crystal Palace programme. The "British Army Quadrille" is attractive to the public, but that is no reason why it should be countenanced at the headquarters of classical music. All this may, however, be overlooked on account of the fact that an important work by an English composer was produced at Sydenham for the first time. Mr W. Shakespeare's pianoforte concerto in C major was played, amateurs will remember, at one of the Festival concerts given last February in Brighton by Mr W. Kuhe, and we then referred to it at some length. Nothing need be added now to the observations previously made, but we may state again that the work was written some years ago, and therefore, though recently altered and amended, does not represent the composer's present development. Its merits, however, speak very plainly to the effect that Mr Shakespeare should produce more. A musician with his talent has no right to lay down his pen. True, the composition of classical music is unprofitable, but "Man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things that he hath," and nothing can atone for the neglect of gifts which are bestowed that they may be used. The solo pianist on Saturday, as at Brighton, was Miss Kuhe, who made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and was heartily received. How Miss Kuhe reads Mr Shakespeare's music has already been stated in these columns, and it will readily be assumed that since last February the young artist, so intelligent and assiduous, has improved her powers of execution. There was reason to think, however, that in the opening movement, Miss Kuhe suffered from the natural, nay, inevitable consequence of facing the most critical audience in England. She gave admirable expression to the graceful themes of the *Larghetto*, while the difficulties of the *finale* were surmounted in such a way that the audience felt justified in re-calling and complimenting the performer. Miss Kuhe evidently needs more experience on the concert platform in order to do herself full justice, and this she will, doubtless, soon attain. The vocalists were Mr Shakespeare, who sang Mercadante's "Bella, adorata" with his accustomed grace, and Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, who appeared for Miss Lilian Bailey, and made a great effect in Beethoven's concert *aria*. There remains only to add that Mr Manns conducted.

A new opera, *Seila*, by Sig. A. Coronaro is announced at Vicenza.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, November 29:—

Fugue, in E, for two performers on the pianoforte (Arthur Herbert Jackson)—Miss Isaacson and Miss Burghes, pupils of Mr Wingham; Romanza, "Una furtiva lagrima," *L'Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti)—(accompanist, Mr C. T. Corke)—Mr H. Jones, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Triumphal March (MS.), in F, organ (Hamilton Robinson, student)—Mr H. Robinson, pupil of Mr H. C. Banister and Dr Steggall; Air, "Honour and arms," *Samson* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr Percy Stranders)—Mr May, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Vivace Giocoso in F minor, Moderato Grazioso in E, and Allegro Brillante in B flat, Nos. 4, 2, 3, from set of Six Studies, Op. 11, pianoforte (Sir William Sterndale Bennett, M.A., Mus. Doc.)—Miss Cantelo, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Sacred Song (MS.), "Have mercy, Lord, on me" (Florence Nichols, student)—(accompanist, Miss Nichols)—Miss M. S. Jones, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; Fugue, in E flat, organ (J. S. Bach)—Mr G. Kirkland, pupil of Mr H. R. Rose; Variations on an Original Theme, in A flat (MS.), pianoforte (Beatrice Davenport, Lady Goldsmid scholar)—Miss B. Davenport, pupil of Mr Prout and Mr W. G. Cousins; Ave Maria, sur le Prélude de Bach (Gounod)—(accompanists—pianoforte, Mr Percy Stranders; organ, Mr C. T. Corke; violoncello, Mr Elliot)—Miss Lily Twyman, pupil of Mr Fiori; Allegro con brio—Allegretto quasi Andantino, from Sonata in F, Op. 8, pianoforte and violin (Edouard Grieg)—Miss Connell and Mr Frank Arnold, pupils of Mr F. B. Jewson and Mr Sainton; Song (MS.), "Since then" (William George Wood, Sterndale Bennett scholar)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Mr Dunn, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Faschingschwank aus Wien, Op. 26, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Bentley, pupil of Mr W. G. Cousins; Anthem (MS.), "O praise the Lord" (Thomas B. Knott, student)—(organ, Mr C. T. Corke)—Miss M. Jones, Mrs Arnott, Mr B. Davies, and Mr Dunman, pupils of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Study, in A minor, Op. 44, No. 3, pianoforte (Thalberg)—Miss Jessie Percivall, pupil of Mr Westlake.

M. MAUREL AT THE GRAND OPERA.

M. Maurel, the well-known baritone of Covent Garden, made his *début* here at the Opéra to-night, as Hamlet, before a large and attentive audience. A native of Marseilles, he first appeared in Paris ten years ago in the *Africaine*. He has since sung in Italy, and recently in London. He comes back here with a good reputation as regards voice and training, which reputation he has justified by successfully undertaking a part in which M. Faure has left such abiding recollections. M. Maurel was warmly applauded.—*Paris Correspondence of the "Times," Nov. 29.*

A brilliant audience assembled to-night to welcome M. Maurel back to the Opéra. It was feared that jealousy of the successes this popular baritone had achieved in foreign countries would militate against the warmth of his reception here. In Hamlet, moreover, he had to struggle against the recollections of Faure, but his fine voice and excellent method obtained the sympathy of his audience in the very first scene. M. Maurel's performance was as remarkable from a histrionic as from a musical point of view. His artistic style, for instance, gave all possible effect to the drinking song of the second act; his picturesque acting in the play-scene, where it is reintroduced, was worthy all praise. In fact, M. Maurel's success was unequivocal, and he will prove a valuable addition to the company of the Grand Opéra.—*Paris Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph," Nov. 29.*

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is true that the New Philharmonic Concerts have been abandoned by Dr Wyld, their originator in 1852. But having co-operated with that gentleman as joint *entrepreneur* and conductor for the last five years, carrying them on last season entirely on my own responsibility and conductorship, I am desirous of correcting any impression as to their not being continued in future. I therefore beg to state that, as far back as June last, I engaged St James's Hall for the next series of concerts, and intend conducting them on the same principle I have hitherto adopted. The only difference is in the title, which henceforth, in place of "New Philharmonic Concerts," will be "Mr Ganz's Orchestral Concerts." I am, Sir, yours obediently,

WILHELM GANZ.

December 3.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.*

There has been little or nothing new to speak of since our last, unless the first performance of *Oberon* may be cited as a novelty. This "romantic" opera is never unwelcome, when tolerably cast, if only because it is the Swan's Song of Carl Maria von Weber, who died so shortly after its production, on the 12th of April, 1826, at Covent Garden Theatre, then under the management of Mr Charles Kemble. *Oberon* is welcome alike in its normal English shape, in its German amended shape, and in its Italian abnormal shape, which Sir Julius Benedict, Weber's most distinguished pupil, has done so much to make acceptable, drawing materials from other works by the composer for the indispensable recitatives and occasional orchestral interludes, intruding nothing absolutely his own, for the sake of mere self-glorification, but accomplishing his task throughout in a style at once delicate, reserved, and masterly. *Oberon*, by the way, is only one among several works that by their lengthened vitality go far to upset the Utopian theory of Richard Wagner, who, in his usual emphatic manner, sends forth an edict that no opera must hope for permanent life except by reason of the drama to which the music is wedded—insisting that the two are inseparable. Happily music, when really music, is in a less destitute condition; and where opera is concerned, instead of being the drama's mistress, is the drama's master, instead of the "*Weib*" to the "*Mann*," the *Mann* to the *Weib*—which makes all the difference. One hundred Wagners, in one hundred volumes, will never be able to persuade sane people that music is not an independent art, that measured rhythm is not one of the chief secrets of the charm it exercises, that what is called the "infinite *melos*" is not, in nine cases out of ten, an infinite bore, and that the absence of symmetrical form and the defiance of all relations of keys to each other are anything better than outrages against art, under no matter what manifestation. The music of *Oberon* has lived, lives, and will continue to live, being intrinsically beautiful, and no one can deny that in its connection with the libretto it is everywhere dramatically true. Weber can hardly with fairness be reproached because, in so far as construction and purely dramatic interest are concerned, he had a somewhat weak, and to those unacquainted with Wieland's poem, or the romance narrating the adventures of *Huon de Bordeaux*, one of the twelve "Paladins" of Charlemagne, from which Wieland derived his subject, in a great degree unintelligible libretto to deal with. Enough that his music has immortalised the drama, which without it would have been lifeless, notwithstanding the literary merit seldom absent from the writings of Mr Planché.

The performance of *Oberon* this year, regarded from the point of view of "*ensemble*," can scarcely be said to reach the standard which previous experiences at Her Majesty's Theatre had encouraged us to expect. Nevertheless, while leaving much to desire, it offers a good deal to commend. A more intelligent, and, indeed, without reservation, a more satisfactory *Rezia* than Mad. Eugenie Pappenheim it would now-a-days be hard to find, whether in a dramatic or in a musical sense. This lady is, above all, an artist—never coming before the public in any part she has not conscientiously studied and thoroughly mastered, no fairer proof of which could be asked for than her *Rezia*, which dramatically and musically exhibits earnest endeavour, strengthened by actual power, and united to a cultivation as rare as it is strikingly manifested. Signor Fancelli, with his large and telling voice, gives preponderating effect to the music to Sir Huon; and Mad. Trebelli, who has long been the representative Fatima, is now associated with a congenial Sherasmin, in Signor Pantaleoni. Signor Frapolli—Proteus among tenors, seeing how many various shapes he can readily assume at a hint from the management—being temporarily indisposed, the part of Oberon was sustained by Signor Carrion, who in the circumstances did his best. Mille Barnadelli was a very agreeable Puck—which added, no more remains to be said about this last revival of *Oberon*. The other performances, *Il Flauto Magico* excepted, have consisted exclusively of repetitions, with occasional changes in the distribution of parts—as, for example, on Saturday at the morning performance, when Mad. Marie Roze gave a fresh proof of versatility by adding Carmen to her list of characters. Although the final performance of the extra-extra season is announced for to-night, the chosen opera being *Lohengrin*, with Mad. Pappenheim (first

time) as Elsa, a short series of "Winter" representations is advertised to begin on Monday, with Gounod's *Faust*; so that, including the excellent performances of Mr Carl Rosa's company, which commence early in the year, Her Majesty's Theatre is virtually open for opera all the year round.—G.

* * * * *

A Knight of the Holy Graal.



CHORUS (*promiscuous*).—Seht! Welch ein seltsam Wunder!

EUGENIE PAPPENHEIM (*Elsa*).—Ha!

FANCELLI (*Lohengrin*).—Nun sei bedankt mein lieber Schwan!

[Exit Swan.]

* This article was in type last week, and should have appeared on the 29th ult.

On Friday night week, Sig. Fancelli, announced to play Sir Huon, having to appear as Lohengrin on the following evening, the second performance of *Oberon* was postponed, and *Don Giovanni* substituted. On Saturday evening, however (*Mignon*, with Marie Roze, having been given in the morning), Wagner's great romantic opera was performed with the Lohengrin still vividly remembered—or, if not remembered, as our incomparable "Special Cockney" says, "the pictur's there to show it." This performance of *Lohengrin* does not seem to have satisfied the critic of the *Times*, if we may judge by the comments subjoined:—

"Unsatisfactory though it was, the performance of *Carmen* was infinitely superior to that of *Lohengrin*, which brought the autumn season to a close on Saturday. That an Italian conductor and Italian singers find little that is congenial in Wagner's music is not altogether a matter for surprise, his mode of expression being diametrically opposed to ordinary operatic parlance. They can, therefore, be hardly expected to enter into the intentions of the German master; and had the utter want of nuance and dramatic intelligence which characterized last Saturday's performance been its only fault, we should be inclined to take a lenient view of the case. But it is necessary to protest against the carelessness with which so great and so difficult a work had evidently been rehearsed. The chorus was deficient both as regards strength and intonation, the Herald (Mr Pyatt) was unable to remember his part, and Signor Pantaleoni's Telramund was, to say the least, wanting in dramatic verve and character. Signor Fancelli's conception of Lohengrin, it need hardly be said, did not in any way realize Wagner's idea of the Knight of the Swan, but he might have been, at least, expected to learn the music assigned to him. But even with this modest demand Signor Fancelli had evidently not taken sufficient trouble to comply, and his rendering of the part was at times as inaccurate as it was wanting in expression. The first-named fault, at least, cannot be laid to the charge of Mme Sinico, to whom the difficult part of Ortruda had been given—a part which taxed the marvellous dramatic and vocal powers of Mdle Tietjens to their utmost limits. Mme Sinico was, of course, overweighted by such a task, but she, at any rate, sang the music neatly and correctly. It is pleasant to turn from the general inefficiency of the performance to its one satisfactory feature, Mme Pappenheim's Elsa. Here marked intelligence, considerable vocal power, and conscientious study combined to compose an adequate, if not absolutely ideal, portrait of Wagner's heroine, with which the master himself could not have found reasonable fault. To conclude, we must earnestly deprecate the repetition of the opera, announced for next Friday, unless the deficiencies previously insisted upon are remedied, as far at least as they are remediable in the circumstances. In its present condition *Lohengrin* at Her Majesty's Theatre cannot give satisfaction to any one, least of all to the admirers of Wagner's music, to whom it might suggest comparisons with performances at anything but first-class theatres on the Continent."

Nor does the same critic appear to have been greatly edified, much less "astonied," by the general results of the extra-extra season:—

"The autumn season of Italian opera came to a close on Saturday last, only to be revived to-night under the name "winter season," Mr Mapleson having been encouraged, by the continued approval of his patrons, to continue the series of performances beyond the date originally fixed. Much as we are inclined to congratulate the energetic manager on his success, we cannot altogether rejoice at the ease with which that success has been gained. Mr Mapleson, in his prospectus, promised two novelties, or, at least, revivals, Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* and Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*; but no attempt has been made in either case to keep the promise, and—what is worse—the public has shown no sign of resentment at this breach of faith. We here touch upon the chief reason why the hope of a permanent improvement of operatic matters in this country must for the present appear Utopian. Managers are, in the first instance, men of business, and they can hardly be expected to bring out new works at great expense and risk as long as they can fill the theatre by fairly adequate renderings of familiar works. The epithet 'fairly adequate' applies to most of the performances we have witnessed during the past season; a few, such as *Aida* and *Mignon*, may claim higher praise, others fell far short of even moderate expectations. Among the latter we are bound to class the performances of *Carmen* and of *Lohengrin* last week. In the former, Mme Roze, assumed the part of the heroine for the first—and we should not be very sorry to think for the last—time in England. Mme Roze, as we have frequently stated, is a conscientious and a gifted artist, and, as far as careful study and excellent intentions go, her *Carmen* leaves nothing to be desired.

More than this, she looks the Spanish gipsy to perfection, and the music, although not quite suited to the *timbre* of her voice, is at least within its compass, while her acting is marked by artistic dignity and great, perhaps too great refinement. But she lacks what Goethe would have called the 'demonic' element of the character. Her *Carmen* is a very attractive and even dangerous flirt of southern type; while in Bizet's music we continually feel the fateful impulse which hurries the gipsy on to her doom with irresistible force. It is by realising this tragic feature, which at the same time gives dramatic dignity to the character, that Miss Minnie Hauk has achieved the signal success which has permanently connected her name with Bizet's opera. It is but just to Mme Roze to add that the performance of the opera altogether was as monotonous and featureless as could well be imagined. The best points of the charming music were passed over with listless indifference; only Mdle Lido gave a very sympathetic rendering of Michaela, her duet with Don José in the first act, and her aria in the third, being among the few bright points of a dull evening."

A question arises, in connection with these extra performances, which may be discussed more fully on another occasion. Our valued contributor, "G." (not "G. G.," of "the Palace made o' windows"), and the critic of the *Times* will pardon us if we suggest that the hope of their leading to permanent cheap opera (let us have no more talk about "National Opera") all the year round is illusory. "Dilettante Curtainlifter" (famously known as "D. C."), in one of his inimitable quintilles says:—

There was an old "All the Year round,"
Which had very nigh come to the ground;
But Reade's very "Hard Cash"
Just saved it from smash,
And now it goes all the year round.

Where's your Reade? Where's your Verdi? Where's your Bizet? Arthur Sullivan will not write an opera unless you agree to play it, *quand même*, 100 nights in succession, and pay £100 a night on the nail. Yet without new operas what chance is there? Would "G." (not "G. G."), or the *Times* critic, speculate in the matter? Knowing a little of both by hearsay, we opine—not by *no means*. Their enthusiasm is simply on *papyrus*. How, then, can it be expected that such an opera as *Lohengrin* should be produced in the circumstances so as to satisfy admirers of the sternly forbidding dramaturgist, of whose works Luigi Carlo Zanolli Salvatore Maria Cherubini would have said—"Ze-ze, zet, zet-te musique là me fait éternuer"?—how even as to satisfy his inscrutably inconsolable devotees, ever crying out that "Wagner must be given," and ever rating, for inadequate fulfilment of impossible conditions, managers rash, eager and confiding enough to essay him? Also, what is "Italian opera" (so called) now-a-days? When it was Italian opera it counted among luxuries set apart for the "cream of the cream" of society—the curled darlings and perilous-eyed darlingesses of the hour. But at this actual period it is at the most a half apoplectic, half paralytic conglomerate. In fact, Italian opera is being gradually metamorphosed (on account of inept infallibility) into hybrids. Is *Lohengrin* Italian?—are *Oberon*, the *Huguenots*, *Robert*, *Carmen*, *Mignon*, *Faust*, *Dinorah*, *Die Zauberflöte* * * * * * (words failing, let asteroids suggest them) Italian? R. G. S. G. P.—Is not Eugénie Pappenheim * * * * * (same cause) a Teuton? Is not Emma Albani a Canadian? Is not Christine Nilsson (unlike Norman-Néruda) a Swede? Is not Minnie Hauk a Yankee? Were Sontag, Jenny Lind, Sofie Cruwell ("Cruvelli the Cruel"), Thérèse Tietjens &c. * * * * * (same reason) Italians? To play Wagner as (in accordance with his own ideal) he must be played, or left unplayed, let all the artists go to Bayreuth and drop into the lion's mouth (letter-box), at the Wahfried Mansion, 1,000 Billy-marks ("Harry-crowns"—*Shakspeare*). They would then and there be initiated in the Wagnerian (Eleusynian) mysteries, with Abbate Liszt, Sir Julius Benedict, Édouard Hanslick, "C. A. B.," and Plauderei P—r of the Mustard Plaister, as umpires, in Cerulean chairs. Pappenheim (who played Elsa so well on Saturday) would be embraced by the immeasurably incomprehensible Master; Ortrud Sinico would be patted on the shoulder; Fancelli, who played Lohengrin * * * * * (same reason) in such a manner that (*pace the World*) he could scarcely have learned a single phrase (except, perhaps, what he muttered in his sleeve) would be honoured by

* * * * * (same reason); the orchestra would be excommunicated, the chorus crucified, the Swan have its neck wrung, the Licalian conductor and the rest of them thrown out of window into the muddy streets of Milan, to be gathered up by Wolzogen-Rubinstein, and smashed into paper-pulp for the *Blätter* * * * * * (same reason). And the *Ollandese Dannato* was not forthcoming? He must have been a child (not a *Childe**) who ever believed it would be; and Katherine Minnie (of course) is to be tamed by Carl Rosa * * *



MANAGER.—Ladies and gentlemen! I'll tame her with Schott. [Vanishes.]

* * * * * (same reason). I'm sleepy.

Septimus Muid.

As an old Muttonian of the King and Beard, Dr Wind (like Dr Queer) has a vested right to promulgate his opinions in these sheets. Nevertheless, had I returned from the Orkneys (where I supped nightly with the Ghosts of King Lot, his friends, Kings Ban, Bors, Lodegraunce, and the King with the Hundred Knights)†, one hour earlier, I should have deleted every sentence of my article, being Regent in the phenomenal absence of Mr 3p Mutton—

Tempest.

—agreeing with all that is said by "G." &c., and disagreeing in toto with Drs Wind, Queer, and Beard. *Be chesm!*

Signed (for Dr Taylor Shoe), Dishley Peters.

To Charles Hallé, Esq., Greenheys.

ST ANDREW UNDERSHAFT.—The dedication festival was held on Sunday at St Andrew Undershaft, Leadenhall Street. The sermon in the morning was preached by the rector (the Bishop of Bedford), and in the evening by the curate (the Rev. W. Fraser Nash, LL.B.) Both services were fully choral. At the morning service the anthems were "Now we are Ambassadors" and "How lovely are the Messengers" (Mendelssohn); in the evening Spohr's cantata, *God, Thou art Great*, was performed in the place of the anthem. The choir, numbering 40 voices, sang the music with great effect. The choir was conducted by Mr Faulkner Leigh, who sang the solo parts in the cantata, assisted by Master Ward and Messrs. Dutton and Latta. Mrs Stirling Bridge presided at the organ, and gave at the conclusion of the service "The War March of the Priests," from Mendelssohn's *Athalie*. The church in the evening was crowded to excess.

* "And in that battle" (the battle in which the Duke of Dutchman came leaping out of a wood) "was slain Sir Chastellain, a child" (read *childe*) "whereof was made great dole." (To "Polkaw.")

† Who, though slain at every Joust, fight valiantly again at the next.—*E. Queer.*

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Les Noces d'Olivette is the title of a new buffo opera at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The libretto, by MM. André Chivot and Alfred Duru, is, if possible, more puzzling, more complicated, and more improbable than is generally the case even with works of the same class. The compiler of these Scraps, being pressed for time and worried by the dread of losing the post, makes, therefore, no apology for appropriating the following epitome of the story from the columns of the *Entr'acte*:—

"The fair Olivette is the daughter of the Seneschal of Perpignan. She has come out of a convent, by her father's order, for the purpose of marrying an old navy-captain whom she execrates, while she adores a young officer who has been paying his addresses to her through one of the convent windows. It so happens that the young officer is the nephew of the old salt. Luckily, the latter is suddenly ordered off to sea, without having time to marry or give his intended father-in-law notice of his departure. His nephew, Valentin, conceives the idea of putting on a new uniform left by his uncle, of making up his head and face like that worthy's, and of thus marrying Olivette. In the second act we find that, as a result of the wind having suddenly changed, the Uncle has not been able to put to sea, but has returned during the banquet in honour of Valentin's marriage with Olivette. On this occasion politics are the means of saving the young people. The Sovereign Countess of Roussillon has a cousin, the Duc des Ifs, who spends his time in paying his addresses to, and conspiring against, her. Disguised as the old sea-captain, Valentin feigns to take part in a conspiracy which has been organised by the Duc, and which Olivette denounces to the Comtesse, who causes the Duc and the old captain to be arrested simultaneously. In the third act all is changed. The Duc has managed to escape and carry off the Countess, whom he determines to send to Spain. But Olivette once more interferes, and finds means to liberate her sovereign, who, as a reward, causes Olivette to marry Valentin, despite the secret project she (the Countess) had formed of marrying him herself. Desirous, moreover, of freeing herself from the never-ending conspiracies organised by the Duc des Ifs, she bestows her hand upon that unquiet spirit."

M. Edmond Audran, the composer of the music, is new to Paris, though his father, some thirty years since, was the popular tenor of the Opéra-Comique. He is a native of the South of France, and until lately resided at Marseilles, where he held the post of chapelmaster at one of the churches, and where he achieved a triumph with a "three-act piece of buffoonery," called *Le Grand Mogol*, which was played upwards of one hundred nights—a long run for a provincial city. The music of *Les Noces d'Olivette* will doubtless set the seal of the capital on M. Audran's artistic reputation; it is gay, sprightly, and tuneful, with an unmistakable flavour of the South about it. Among the most successful numbers may be mentioned the "Plongeon" couplets; the "Farandole" (encored) of the second act; the song on the Wine of Roussillon; the Sea-Song; and, lastly, the comic Bolero, which had to be sung three times. The cast was good. Mdlle Bennati made an excellent Countess and Mdlle Clary an agreeable Olivette; but the lion's share of the applause* fell to M. Jolly, who, as the Duc des Ifs, more than realised all the expectations raised by his previous efforts, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the piece. The scenery is pretty and artistic, while the costumes are rich and appropriate.

MUNICH.—The Oratorien Verein, or Oratorio Association, celebrates next month its twenty-fifth anniversary. It was established on the 11th November, 1854, and sprang from a simple *Singekränzchen*, or vocal club, held in the house of Herr von der Pfordten, then President of the Ministry. Herren v. Perfall, Rheinberger, and Zenger, have acted successively as its directors. Its principal object was to perform, one after the other, all Handel's oratorios, as well as similar works by other celebrated composers. A glance at the programmes of the seventy-six concerts, already given, affords a most satisfactory proof of the success attending the efforts of the Association. A "Festival Concert," for which Handel's *Israel in Egypt* is the work selected, will take place in the Odeonssaal before Christmas.

* We never yet heard a lion applauded.—*D. B.*

"INTERVIEWED" OF COURSE.

Under one of the customary New York sensational headings, we read that Messrs Sullivan and Gilbert were interviewed by a representative of the *New York World*, even on the deck and in the state-room of the *Bothnia*.

Here follows the sensational heading (displayed by the *World* in Pantagruelistic capitals):—

"The authors of 'Pinafore'—librettist Gilbert and composer Sullivan arrive brimful of plans and expectations—an interview with them on board the Bothnia—how the author of the Bab Ballads talks."

And here is the "interview," with which, doubtless, the readers of the *Musical World* will be both amused and edified.

"Come and be interviewed, Mr. Sullivan; here's a reporter from the *New York World* who wants to see you." "Oh, I say, Gilbert, we've had your chaff for ten days, you know." "Oh, but this is a very personal matter, you know, and we will both have to do it together."

The speakers were the writer and composer of *H. M. S. Pinafore*, and the place was on board of Her Majesty's mail-ship *Bothnia*. Shortly before, in the gray-tinged dawn of yesterday morning, a *World* reporter had put off in search of the two gentlemen. On entering the saloon of the steamer the broad back of Mr Gilbert was first spied at the breakfast table; next him was a young lady, and next her Mr Arthur Sullivan, *Mus. Doc*, *Oxon.*, Mr Gilbert's co-worker. After the putting away of what seemed to the breakfastless reporter an unconscionable amount of substantial nourishment, the disposal of which was varied by continual bursts of laughter from charming, smiling faces, Mr Gilbert arose and was spoken to, and the preceding dialogue was the prologue to a perfect flow of good-natured and witty talk on the part of both gentlemen. Both spoke at once, and both spoke of the anticipatory pleasure they had of the kind of reception they would meet with. Mr Gilbert loomed up first on the scene. He was dressed in a reddish gray tweed cut-away suit, and wore a plain purple silk tie held by a plain gold ring. Over six feet tall and finely formed; weighing apparently about 225 pounds; with a full forehead and clear, round, frank, deep-set, gray eyes and almost massive features; his half-smiling, half-serious mouth almost concealed by a thick military moustache; his brownish gray hair smooth, wavy and side parted; in age apparently about forty—he appeared to be a bright, frank, English gentleman, and there was in his personal appearance a strong suggestion of Thackeray, which was heightened perhaps by a half-hesitating manner and a slight reserve, the idea of which was dissipated when, just as one would think he was about to say something severe, he would make a joking remark, laugh a pleasant half-chuckle and resume his quiet manner. When Mr Sullivan's name was spoken, up hopped a natty, vivacious gentleman, dressed in neat gray roundabout suit and wearing a plain black tie, using an Oxford monocle, which was continually bobbing to and from his eyes. He is just a trifle below the American medium height, and has a round, dapper, well set figure. His head is well-developed, especially over the prominent and well curved eyebrows. He has large, deep, brown eyes, which are continually varying in expression and whose corners are wrinkled and continually twinkling with good humour. He has a prominent and slightly cleft chin; shiny, jet-black, curly hair, just streaked here and there with gray and smoothly parted in the middle. He has closely trimmed, curly, brownish-black whiskers meeting a moustache. Mr Sullivan's manner and method of speech are hardly to be described. Quick, nervous; now talking seriously and with sympathetically dilating eyes, now breaking into a ripple of laughter. Both of the writers of *Pinafore* are great smokers, and consumed a small factory full of cigarettes coming up the bay, and both have apparently a slight smoker's nervousness. Contrary to what has been said of them, they both have an exquisite charm of manner and abound in clever talk. "If you will come into the stateroom you will be more comfortable," said Mr Sullivan; and to the room the party adjourned, Mr Sullivan seating himself on one of many boxes and beginning to bob his eye-glass, while Mr Gilbert sat half in, half out of his berth and looked as if on the anxious seat. "Edmund Yates told us we would be interviewed long before we got ashore, but I didn't think it would be so agreeable as this, and if you don't look out we shall do the interviewing, so you had better begin," said Mr Sullivan; and in reply to questions he continued: "Passage? Never was such a passage; delightful every way except that she did pitch for three or four days. I came aboard prepared to be sea sick all the way, but I wasn't sick a bit. You were told I was sick? I never dreamt of such a thing all the voyage. We had a perfectly delightful time. I went on board the tender at Liver-

pool feeling dismal and blue, and I came across some friends whom I did not know were coming, which was very pleasant. Then Mr Gilbert kept us roaring with his chaff and fun all the way over. The captain was a good fellow and the chief engineer a perfect character. We used to go in his room and smoke and sing while he played the Scotch fiddle. There were nine of us, and we were a 'larky' party, the envy of the ship, I think, for good health and spirits, and I am almost sorry to leave her, only I am so anxious to see America."

"As Mr Sullivan was not sick, how were you, Mr Gilbert?"

"Oh, dear me"—(Why, he is a famous yachtsman," interjected Mr Sullivan)—"I suppose I ought to have been, but you see I've been over before, and I am on the water a good deal, and have the best of health, except a touch of gout once in a while. There wasn't anything the matter with me, only I played clown in the circus coming over."

"What are you going to do when you get in New York?"

"Well," said Mr. Sullivan; "you see, we have come over here partly for pleasure and partly for business, and we shall stay three months in any case."—"If you will keep us here and send us all back again," added Mr Gilbert, to whom the arrival and departure of some of Mr Mapleson's people had been told. Then Mr Sullivan continued: "I am going to keep dark and stay with some friends of mine until the 23rd of this month, when I go to Boston to superintend the rehearsals and direct the production of my oratorio, the *Prodigal Son*, by the Handel and Haydn Society. I am coming back to New York then, and on the 1st of December we are going to bring out *Pinafore* at the Fifth Avenue Theatre."

"Will you conduct?"

"Yes, at first; and then my dear friend, old schoolfellow, and a capital musician, Alfred Cellier, will lead."

"After that—what?"

"We shall go to Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, St Louis, and last to Boston."

"What will you produce while here?"

"*Pinafore* first, and if that succeeds we will do *The Sorcerer*, *Trial by Jury*, and a new piece."

"What do you propose to do with '*Pinafore*'—that is, what special feature will you have?"

"Of course we have never seen how it has been done here, and can't tell exactly; but I have brought the complete score with me as it was written. What you have had has simply been somebody else's orchestration of the piano score, and must have been very different from what I wrote. Then the play will have the advantage of being produced precisely as the authors intended it to be, and there will be considerable novelty, I think."

"What company have you brought with you?"

"Only Mr Cellier and Miss Blanche Tucker Roosevelt—Mlle Rosavella, as she has been known—the rest follow, and are Mr Clifton, the original Boatwain; Miss Jessie Bond, the original Hebe; Signor Broccolini, the baritone, as Captain, and really I don't remember who the others are at this moment, though I ought. The chorus we will get here. All of the characters have been taught by Mr Gilbert and myself precisely what we want done."

"Have you ever seen '*Pinafore*,' Mr Sullivan?"

"No, never."

"What never?"

"Well, as Mr Gilbert said once when I asked the questions and he did not see what I was laughing at—'Very seldom.'"

"Is '*Pinafore*' as much of a success in England as here?"

"Quite so; it's been running over four hundred and eighty nights at one place now, and is at three other theatres in London, besides several in the provinces; and of course others would use it, only they have to pay for the right there."

"What is the name of the new play?"

"We haven't named it yet. We never do that till the last minute. *Pinafore*, for example, was only named when the printer was waiting for copy for posters."

"Will you tell me the plot?"

"Mr Gilbert can do that better."

"If you please, Mr Gilbert."

"Well," said Mr Gilbert, "I can hardly tell you the plot, for I am going to rewrite an act, but the idea is pure melodrama treated seriously. That is to say, instead of taking melodramatic characters speaking and dressed as they would 200 years ago, they are in the manner of the day, which I think makes it ludicrous. The music is perfectly serious too. The nearest thing I can compare it to is *Zampa* divested of its costumes and dialogues and transformed to today. There are no burglars in it as reported, but there are pirates, who rush in and attempt to carry off the daughter of a regular officer from her father's castle. It's a sort of *reductio ad absurdum* of melodrama—that is what it is."

"What about a new American opera for us; will you do one? You know we've had 'La Spia,' an Italian opera based on Cooper's 'Spy,' with G. Washington as 'primo basso' and a chorus of Hessian soldiers."

"How absurd. Well, of course, we can't tell what we'll do. You see, as Mr Gilbert said, we'll stay here just as long as you'll keep us, and we may stay long enough to write something."

"Have you any idea what it will be?"

"Not the slightest?"

"I suppose, of course, you know, Mr. Sullivan, that your music other than 'Pinafore' is well known here. In the hymn books of most of our churches you'll find Sullivan a common name, and the Tennyson songs you will hear all over the country."

"What, those old songs of the 'Window' and the rest? I had an odd time getting them. I went down to the Isle of Wight and to Hazlemere, where he has another place. He is a crotchety old fellow—stiff as could be at first. He used to take me out on the downs, when the wind would blow your teeth down your throat, and he'd talk and talk, and get off some philosophical remark, and you'd shout in his ear, 'What did you say?' and he would look as though to say, 'What a fool you are.' Then towards night he would unbend and become gracious."

"Excuse me; does he smoke the 'Churchwardens' as hard as he is said to?"

"I should say he did; he would sit up till three o'clock in the morning smoking; by that time he would be good-natured, and he then would suddenly say in his gruff tones, 'I—think—it—is—time—to—go—to—bed—now.' But the worst of it was I couldn't get the songs out of him. Finally, one day he said, 'You don't want those songs, really, do you?' I said, 'That's what I've been down here all this time for'—and, finally, I got them from him. But to be serious, it is really touching and gratifying in the extreme to find one's offspring so well known in a foreign land. But you Americans aren't foreigners to me. Some of the dearest friends I have are Americans, and I know the too hospitable manner in which you treat every one who comes over here. Your press too—you know how that is yourself. You take up the *Times* in London and you find some ten-line paragraph that Mr Secretary Evarts has made a long speech, or something of the sort. Now I don't care anything about Mr Secretary Evarts's long speeches, but I want to know what's going on. You take up your paper here and there's a column of interesting personal information and letters and long cable despatches about everything and everybody in Europe. The same space is taken up with us in long stupid essays and political leaders that no one ever reads."

(To be continued in our next.)

HERR HENSCHEL'S CONCERT.

Herr Georg Henschel gave a concert in St James's Hall last Tuesday evening on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children, under the immediate patronage of the Princess Louise. No cause could plead for help in accents more tender and touching than those of afflicted little ones, yet, despite this, and although not only the Princess Louise, but the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught attended the concert, there is reason to fear that the charity benefited nothing, and that Herr Henschel has to pay heavily for indulging in the luxury of good intentions. This result, however, might have been anticipated, and was surely foreknown by Herr Henschel, although he paid us the delicate compliment of assuming another to be possible. The idea of assisting a charity, or of even covering half the expenses, by giving a concert of such music as that performed on Tuesday was simply a wild dream. What do the English public care for new works? Nothing. Like a shy man in strange company, they would rather not be introduced to that which they do not know and cannot appreciate with enough confidence to make them feel at ease. Vainly, therefore, did Herr Henschel invite our concert-goers to hear two works from his own pen, and the "Triumphlied" of Brahms—all new to this country. It was the old story of the Scriptural personage who prepared a great feast for certain of his friends only to find that, with one consent, they began to make excuse. Exception must be allowed, however, in favour of a particular class. We have amongst us a considerable number of persons who are really interested in new music, and are seldom absent from the places where it is to be heard. But, unfortunately, these individuals enjoy that which they do not substantially encourage. A witty proprietor of a journal once pleaded as a reason for declining the further services of a learned contributor that all his intellectual readers were on the free list. Musical "dead heads" are equally unprofitable, and we take it that the measure of genuine support to which a purveyor of

new works may appeal in London is about equivalent to an evening's expenditure upon gas and doorkeepers. English amateurs have long known this, and now Herr Henschel has learned the lesson at, there is reason to fear, considerable cost. On the other hand, the concert-giver of Tuesday evening is probably content as regards himself, though, it may be, frankly disappointed with reference to the charity. Herr Henschel appeared alone not as vocalist, but as conductor and composer, presenting in each character substantial claims upon public regard. What he is as a singer we have known for some time, and on that subject it is needless to say a word. As a conductor he showed very considerable ability, having a thorough acquaintance with the scores in hand, and an adequate power of conveying his meaning as well as of securing its expression. As a composer he was represented, first, by a setting for two bass voices and orchestra of Byron's "O weep for those that wept by Babel's stream," and, next, by music for soli, chorus, and orchestra, to the psalm, "Out of the depths," or, as it is put in the English adaptation, "Out of darkness." The hymn is undoubtedly a fine work, uniting to a full reflection of the pathos and gloom of the text a large amount of technical skill and artistic taste. It combines, moreover, the power and melody with the harmonic elaboration and ornate colouring so dear to modern taste. The scoring is especially judicious and effective, no instrument being employed with other than a definite and well calculated purpose. Thus qualified for success, and finely sung by Herr Henschel and Mr King, the work made a good impression, and was loudly applauded. Whether the Psalm, as a whole, stands on a level with the Hymn may be open to doubt, but question can hardly arise as to its cleverness, or as to the skill with which certain popular tastes are consulted in it. Nowhere throughout the work does the composer become abstruse or obscure. Every page is clear and intelligible, and when in one part we are reminded of Mendelssohn and in another of Handel without being provoked to make a charge of plagiarism, the fact stands out plainly that Herr Henschel's psalm answers the requirements of public favour. It is likely to find plenty of admirers among the choral societies whose wants the composer may have had in view, and who will welcome it the more cordially because generally speaking it is free from anything adapted to startle by its novelty or confuse by its elaboration. The solos were sung by Miss Lilian Bailey, Mr Boyle, and Herr Henschel, whose post as conductor was taken by Mr Barnby. At the close Herr Henschel was called back to the platform, and much applauded. The remainder of the programme included Brahms' first Symphony, admirably performed by a good band; and the same composer's "Triumphlied," for double chorus and orchestra. This last will, doubtless, soon be heard again, and a second performance may clear up doubts which the first has left unresolved. Enough now that the work gave an impression of something vast in conception and elaborate in execution, worthy of careful regard and deliberate judgment. It tried the powers of Mr Barnby's choir very severely, and, not less, the perceptiveness of the audience, many of whom ran away from the ordeal, while the remainder declined to express decided opinions.—D. T.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 4th:—

Toccata and Fugue (C major)	Bach.
Andante Cantabile (E major, Op. 17)	Sir W. S. Bennett.
"Devant l'Eglise," Méditation Religieuse	Ad. Adam.
Air with Variations, from the Symphony in D	Haydn.
Fantasia Pastorale	W. T. Best.
Overture, "La Gazza Ladra"	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 6th:—

Overture (D major, Op. 15)	Spohr.
Allegretto from the Fourth Symphony	Mendelssohn.
Sarabande (Euryanthe)	Weber.
Passacaglia. (Variations and Fugue on a Theme in the Bass)	Bach.
Andante Cantabile	Omer Guiraud.
Marcia Eroica and Finale	W. T. Best.

STETTIN.—Professor Edmund Singer, one of the most distinguished violinists of the present day, who, in obedience to a summons from Liszt, undertook, on the 1st November, 1854, the functions of *Concertmeister* at Weimar, celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in that capacity on the 1st of the month just passed. Besides the personal congratulations and good wishes of his friends here, a continual stream of letters and telegraphic messages assured him he was not forgotten elsewhere.

ST ANDREW'S EVE AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

(By our Roving Commissioner.)

Saturday last was a red-letter day in the Scottish calendar, being the annual festival of the patron saint. It was celebrated in the metropolis in characteristic fashion, with the aid of the Immortal Nine, Musagetes being master of the revels. It is on occasions such as these, when Scot meets Scot, that adequate conception can be formed as to how far the Scotch element enters into the huge aggregate of four millions scattered over this wide wilderness of bricks and mortar. One can find little difficulty in reaching the French quarter between Oxford Street and Trafalgar Square, or the Italian quarter, in the lower regions of Holborn; but if one were in quest of the Scotch quarter, the four points of the Metropolitan compass would require to be visited. At least, such was our impression on Saturday evening last, for, by 'bus and rail, from north, south, east, and west, the broad Doric greeted our ears. *Entrepreneurs* are wise in their generation. They know that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and that it is no longer necessary to issue the fiery cross to gather an assembly of Scotchmen. By providing entertainments largely made up of "the auld Scotch songs," together with the occult patronage of St Andrew, their efforts are invariably crowned with success. Many of the best lyrics of Scotland, like those of Ireland, have their roots deep down in "rank rebellion," and were written at a time when song-making was more potent for good or evil than in these conventional days. The evil spirit has been exorcised from auld Scotland, and the era of rebellion has passed away; not so her song-literature. It is a heritage which each succeeding generation of Scotchmen have regarded as imperishable, and, enriched by later editions, to be handed on to latest posterity. That Scottish minstrelsy has lost none of its attractive power was abundantly manifested by the large gatherings at St James's Hall and the Royal Albert Hall on Saturday evening.

At the Royal Albert Hall we found the huge building crammed from floor to ceiling with an enthusiastic audience eagerly listening to the peripatetic strains of the bagpipe. But the advent on the orchestra of the super-excellent band of the Grenadier Guards, under the able leadership of Mr Dan Godfrey, silenced the "sequel" of the Mountaineers. The concert characteristically commenced with the overture to *Guy Mannering*, after which Mr Carter's choir led off with the plaintive chorus, "The Blue Bells of Scotland." It was evident from the outset that the Covent Garden Promenade Concert rule regarding encores would have to be rigidly enforced if the entertainment was to be brought to a close on the secular side of twelve o'clock. We were gratified to find that the good sense of the large audience, while not stinting their applause, willingly yielded to the inevitable. There were thirty-one items set down for performance! The artists were Mme Lemmens-Sherrington, Mme Antoinette Sterling, Miss Beata Francis, Mme Touzeau, Mdlle Schauenburg, Miss Helen Meason, Messrs Vernon Rigby, Redfern Hollins, Henry Winter, and Signor Gilberti. The pieces allotted to Mme Sherrington were entitled "Jamie" (Molloy), "Annie Laurie," and the piquant "Comin' thro' the rye," the latter given with all the archness necessary to a proper rendering of this humorous song. To say that she evoked the enthusiasm of her audience, is but according to this talented lady a bare measure of justice. Mme Antoinette Sterling was the first to return to the platform in response to a loud encore for "We're a' noddin'," but merely bowed acknowledgment. Her rendering of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" showed that she entered fully into the spirit of the song, and won the sympathies of her audience. Her third song, "Callin' Herrin," kindled recollections of Auld Reekie of a very pleasurable kind. Miss Beata Francis, a young and promising artist, was set down for "Charlie is my darling" and the quaint "Within a mile o' Edinbro' Town," in the latter evoking marked applause for the pointed refusal to "buckle to," naively rendered at the conclusion of each chorus. Mme Touzeau in "Jock o' Hazeldean" and "Come o'er the stream, Charlie," and Mdlle Schauenburg in "Auld Robin Gray" and "Over the Sea" were loudly encouraged. Mr Vernon Rigby, like the genuine artist that he is, gave "Mary of Argyle" and "Auld lang syne" (the choir joining in the chorus with capital effect), the latter certainly one of the gems of the evening. Mr Redfern Hollins sang with true martial spirit "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar," which was loudly re-demanded. He returned to

the platform and acknowledged the plaudits. In his second song, "Jessie, the Flower o' Dumblane," he was equally successful. Mr Henry Winter's selection, "Scots wha hae" and "Bonnie Dundee," were both alike wanting in power. Unquestionably the War Song of Scotland demands fervour and dramatic expression, which qualities were conspicuous by their absence in this gentleman's delivery.

It would be an obvious omission were we to bring our remarks to a close without an expression of opinion as to the value of the services rendered by the well-trained choir, under Mr William Carter's direction. All they did was admirable, but we think the varied expression required to a thorough conception of Burns's immortal lyric, "The Land o' the Leal," was insufficiently recognised. Especially was this noticeable in the second verse. The instrumental part was committed to the able hands of Mr Dan Godfrey and his coadjutors. In the "overture" to the second part we observed how quick the audience were to single out airs for special commendation, "Kate Dalrymple" coming in for a large measure of applause. A capital entertainment was brought to a close with the indispensable National Anthem.—J. S.

A FAIR PLEA.

(From the "Standard.")

The case of Mr James Mortimer, who is at present undergoing a sentence of three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant, for a libel published in a journal of which he is Editor and proprietor, has not unnaturally attracted much attention; and there are certain facts in connection with it that deserve to be brought under the notice of the Home Secretary. With regard to the article containing the libel there is nothing to be said of it, save that it bore the name of the person who wrote it, and therefore the Prosecutors could not have proceeded against Mr Mortimer on the ground that they were unable to discover its real author. But we are less concerned with this point than with other circumstances of the case which have come to light. At the trial it was stated by one of the witnesses that the proof of the incriminated article had been seen by Mr Mortimer, who had made several corrections upon it. Not only did the Defendant deny this statement, but when he appeared before the Court last week to receive sentence he produced a number of affidavits, made by competent persons, who, from their personal knowledge of the facts, swore that the Witness in question must have been mistaken; that the Defendant had not seen the proof, and could not, therefore, have altered it. The Lord Chief Justice said it was a pity that attention had not been called to these affidavits earlier, as he was inclined to think that, had a new trial been applied for, the Defendant would have succeeded in the application. But, his Lordship added, it was too late now to reverse the verdict of the Jury, and all that remained for the Court to do was to pass sentence. Throughout the whole affair the Defendant appears to have been peculiarly unfortunate. The Sub-Editor who had permitted the objectionable article to appear, suddenly left the country, and Mr Mortimer himself, when put upon his trial, was unwise enough to conduct his own defence, with the result, as we have seen, of omitting the most important evidence in his favour. Had the actual facts been as they were laid before the Jury, Mr Mortimer would not, perhaps, be entitled to complain of the sentence passed upon him. But certainly it does seem hard that, in addition to being condemned to pay a heavy fine, a man should have to suffer three months' imprisonment for an offence which he did not personally commit, and of which he had no personal knowledge.

(From the "London Figaro.")

We have urgent requests to receive subscriptions for the payment of the fine and the other expenses incidental to the prosecution in the case of "*The Queen on the Prosecution of Weldon and Another v. Mortimer*." We should not have solicited such a mark of sympathy, but we gratefully accept it, most profoundly appreciating the kind and generous spirit which prompts the offer. All subscriptions will be acknowledged in the *Figaro*. Cheques and Post Office Orders may be made payable to the order of Mr Edwin Reid, the Manager, and crossed Union Bank of London.

The Italian company which lately reached Buenos Ayres opened at the Politeama Argentino with *Ruy Blas*.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST JAMES'S HALL.

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE ELEVENTH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 8, 1879.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A minor, Op. 13, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Mendelssohn.
SONG, "Per pietà"—Miss HOPE GLENN ... Beethoven.
SONATA, in E minor, Op. 90, for pianoforte alone—Mlle
JANOTHA ... Beethoven.

PART II.

QUARTET, in G major, Op. 77, No. 1, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Haydn.
SONG, "Das Ringlein"—Miss HOPE GLENN ... Rubinstein.
LA BELLE GRISELIDIS ... Reinecke.
TARENTELLA, for two pianofortes—Miss HOPE GLENN and Miss
OCKLESTON ... Raff.
Conductor—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

THE FIFTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON,

THIS DAY,

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 6, 1879.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUARTET, in E flat, for two violins, viola, and violinello—
MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Mozart.
SONG, "Le Vallon"—Mr SANTLEY ... Gounod.
ARABESQUE, in C major, Op. 18 ... Schumann.
IMPROMPTU, in E flat, Op. 51 ... Chopin.
VALSE, in E minor (Posthumous) }
For pianoforte alone.
NOCTURNE and SICILIANA, for violinello, with pianoforte
accompaniment—Signor PIATTI ... Piatti.
SONG, "The Erl King" (by desire)—Mr SANTLEY ... Schubert.
QUARTET, in D major, Op. 18, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and
violinello—MM. SAINTON, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI ... Beethoven.
Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of
Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier, 32, Old Bond Street;
Lamborn Cock, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond
Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria
Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s,
80, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ORPHEUS NIMROD.—Well—what then? Why should not Auber have been attached to a sable horse? Wagner was attached to a sable dog. "Orpheus Nimrod" is a sable donkey. By the way (*Happy Thought*)—*The Barb, the Hound, and the Ass* would be a good name for F. C. Burnand's next burlesque.

DIAMOND.—True, diamond may cut diamond; but glass, though cut by diamond, cannot cut diamond. Cut diamond with a sponge, but not your jokes upon us.

MARRIAGE.

On Saturday, November 29th, at St Saviour's, Paddington, by the Rev. Cecil Maitland Bevan, M.A., BARTON MCGUCKIN, Esq., to Miss MARIE HUME, of Edinburgh.

MME ALBANI goes to Rome at the termination of her engagement in Florence; thence to Turin; thence to Nice; thence to Milan. That she will gather laurels everywhere there can be little doubt; that she merits them, none.

MISS MINNIE HAWK appeared at the Liverpool Philharmonic Concert on Tuesday, and her singing was so much admired and applauded that she may be said, "at a phrase," to have won the freedom of the city.

MR. SANTLEY was the singer at the last Manchester Gentlemen's Concert. The local papers are of one accord—that our great English barytone is singing better and is in better voice than ever. *Hoch!*

NOTICE.

With this number of the *MUSICAL WORLD* Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from time to time, as expedient.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1879.

H.M.S. PINAFORE AT NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent by [Submarine Telegraph].)

Pinafore given last night—Sullivan in the orchestra—immense reception of him and Gilbert—both called forward unanimously at the end—performance excellent—magnificent audience—press notices this morning highly complimentary. Dec. 2 (Coup d'Etat).

We are Seven.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

"Is that you, Joe? Old Joe?
No it am Punch."

—Gilbert A'Beckett, Senr.

SIR,—The Lord Keepers of Pope Richard Wagner's Privy Seal in England are seven; but I am not privileged to publish their names. "We are seven," said the child of Lake Wordsworth; although one went away, then two, and so on, while Thaddeus Egg, exploring Wastwater, ruminated on a "Sunday at Ullswater." They are seven—like the Champions of Christendom, although Wagner worships Allfather Wotan. Seven, in spite of Vanini, who insisted upon nine, and the Zodiac, which will have none under a round dozen, is really the mystic number. Pope Richard, who but now smote Robert under the fifth rib, and, fearing Doctor Hanslick, straightway hid himself in the cave of Rubinstein-Adullam, is content with seven. Albeit, there were twelve Paladins, twelve (not 150, as "the Frensshe booke sayeth") Knights of the Table Round, and twelve Labours of Hercules, albeit, there are nine Worthies, nine Muses, and the invigorating game of nine-pins, seven is the number. Had not Thebes seven gates, each gate opening upon a road which led directly to one of the seven cities of Heptapolis? Has not Wagner composed seven great operas, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Der Meistersinger*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Das Ring des Nibelungen*, and *Parsifal*?—and are there not seven sins cardinal? Unquestionably. Therefore hath Richard an apostle for each opera, and the mystic number becomes seven. These have no one symbolic key, for the Master hath screamed, in wrathful mood, "Away with the tyranny of the Tone-Families!" The shallow scribe who, after the Birmingham Festival, wrote a letter to say he could not think of half a dozen songs manufactured in England worth a hearing on such an occasion, did not know that there are actually seven—not one of them by Sterndale Bennett, to whom, another shallow scribe attributes six in a breath. Therefore is seven the mystic number; and, therefore, hath Pope Richard in England seven cardinal-apostles—a mythological Heptarchy. I am, Sir, yours,

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Birmingham, Clarendon Hotel, Dec. 2.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The operas announced for performance during the week which expires to-day were *Faust*, *Oberon*, *Mignon*, *Carmen*, *Lohengrin*, *Lucia*, and *Aida*.

FUNERAL OF MR DELANE.

On Saturday last Mr John T. Delane was buried in the churchyard of Easthampstead, Berkshire. **** Among the most marked characteristics of his great mind was that of personal simplicity. He had the strongest aversion to parade; he abhorred ostentation of any sort; and the success of the work to which he devoted his life was the only outward reward to which he looked for his conscientious and indefatigable labours. The devotion and affection of his friends and of his colleagues on the staff of this journal he prized highly, but he shrank from such manifestations of fealty and attachment towards himself as most other men would have regarded as only a fitting acknowledgment of qualities such as his. This feeling, no doubt, led him to desire that his funeral should be of the simplest. The anxiety of his family to give effect to his wishes will be understood and appreciated. None but near relatives attended his remains from his residence at Ascot to the place of interment. His body was conveyed to Easthampstead in a plain hearse, drawn by two horses. There were no plumes, no stavesmen, no scarves nor hatbands. All the undertaker's trappings of mourning were dispensed with. In private carriages there followed the hearse General Delane, Sir George, Lady, and Miss Dasent, Miss Delane, Mr Magnay, and the Rev. Mr Campbell. When the hearse, followed by the mourners, set out from Mr Delane's house, the bell of the parish church commenced to toll, and the tolling was continued till, at about a quarter to two o'clock, they reached the churchyard, which is situate in a pretty rural spot about a mile and a quarter from the Bracknell station of the South-Western Railway. Just inside a winding roadwall is the grave of the Delane family, wherein are laid the remains of the father, mother, and one of the brothers of Mr Delane. At the gate of the churchyard the body was met by Mr John Dasent, Mr Walter, M.P., Mr Arthur Walter, Mr Henry Walter, Captain Walter, Mr Courtney, M.P., Mr Caird, Mr Henry Reeve, Mr Charles Shaw, Mr Wetherall, the Editor, the Manager, and a numerous body of Mr Delane's colleagues of the *Times*. The coffin was of polished oak. It was covered by no pall, but numerous wreaths of white flowers lay all over the lid. It was received at the door of the church by the rector of Easthampstead, the Rev. Osborne Gordon, who read the Burial Service, assisted by another clergyman. Then it was reverently borne to the churchyard again and lowered into the grave, around which, after the conclusion of the religious rites, relatives and friends lingered in silent sorrow.—*Times*.

AN EDICTATORIAL PETITION.

THE Central Committee at Bayreuth have addressed an appeal to the Wagner Societies all over the world. The first performance of *Parsifal*, as we know, had to be postponed a twelve-month for want of funds. The Central Committee urge, therefore, the local committees to renewed exertions in the way of Wagnerian propaganda, so that *Parsifal* may be duly represented. They remind the disciples of the Bayreuth Master that a capital has to be raised for performing every three years one or more works by R. Wagner or some classical composer. The series of triennial performances will commence in 1881 with *Parsifal*, but a sum of 1,000,000 marks (£50,000) is required to carry out the project. The Bayreuth Committee have resolved, therefore, on opening a fresh subscription, which, however, will leave intact the rights of the old subscribers of 45 marks each. The following are the terms offered to the new subscribers:—

1. Each person subscribing 1,000 marks, or upwards ("or upwards" is charmingly ingenuous), shall be entitled to attend all the triennial performances at Bayreuth.
2. Every person subscribing 100 marks shall be entitled to attend two series of first performances; or, one series of first performances and two

revivals of the same work. 3. Every person subscribing 200 marks shall be entitled to attend four series of first performances; every person subscribing 300 will be entitled to attend six series, and so on.—As a rule, the right of admission is not transferable, but special exceptions will be allowed by the Central Committee. Directly the sum of 1,000,000 marks is raised, it will be invested and the interest devoted to the expenses of preparing and carrying out the performances.

J. V. B.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE Teatro Bellini at Naples has begun the season with *Carmen*, which is steadily making progress throughout Europe, as it has already done throughout America, and is likely to do elsewhere.

MISS FERNANDA TEDESCA, the young American violinist, has returned to Paris from her tour in France and Germany. Her reception in each of the towns she visited has been quite enthusiastic. She was the shining star at every concert, being frequently called forward eight or nine times by the audience, who had been charmed with her exceptional talent. Miss Tedesca will shortly undertake another tour in Holland, Belgium, and elsewhere, and it is her intention subsequently to visit London, where she is sure of meeting with a hearty welcome.

THE Worcester Musical Society, at their first concert in the Music Hall (Thursday, Nov. 27), gave Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, *The Woman of Samaria*—one of the most pure and perfect examples of devotional writing which the musical art can boast. It was well performed and heartily enjoyed. Here the Worcester amateurs read a wholesome lesson to our Sacred Harmonic Society, which, *proh pudor* (why?) has never once performed the beautiful work of our gifted countryman. We shall return to the Worcester Musical Society and its first concert in our next.

THE *Flute Enchantée* (*Zauberflöte*) has been revived by M. Carvalho, at the Opéra Comique, with more brilliant success than last year. The representation is with one voice pronounced admirable, and the audiences are enthusiastic. Yet some people maintain that the Parisians are indifferent to sterling music! The success of Mozart's last opera is something extraordinary; but they have a way of doing these things on the banks of the Seine, which might without disadvantage be occasionally imitated on the banks of the Thames.—*Graphic*.

MESSRS SULLIVAN AND GILBERT AT NEW YORK.—The New York papers dedicate column after column to the arrival and reception of Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan, joint authors of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, which is still popular all over the States, and is now being played at some half dozen theatres in New York alone. The lucky gentlemen, "interviewed" and fêted to their hearts' content, had to make speeches even on deck of the Bothnia, the ship which bore them safely over the Atlantic. The *Herald*, *Tribune*, *World*, *Sun*, *Times*, and other papers publish lengthy accounts of a banquet given in their honour by the members of the Lotos Club, at which some hundred guests were present. (See "*Musical World*," Nov. 29.) The flattering compliments paid to them by their American entertainers and the becomingly complimentary replies of the authors of the *Bab Ballads* and the *Light of the World* would fill half a number of the *Musical World*. It must, therefore suffice to record the fact that no more spontaneous welcome could have been offered to our popular countrymen. *H.M.S. Pinafore* is to be played under Mr Sullivan's personal direction, with (for the first time) his own orchestral accompaniments. Later on some of the foremost musical cities in New York are preparing his *Prodigal Son* and others of his serious compositions for immediate performance.

ALMOST as fine as the line that divides instinct from reason, or the sublime from the ridiculous, is that separating Mr Mapleson's autumn season, which ended on Saturday night, and his winter season, which begins this evening. Indeed, why the one should terminate and the other commence, or why the one should

not be merged in the other, or the other in the one, appertains to those managerial mysteries the secret of which no outsider can discover.* Happily, whether managerial mysteries have light thrown upon them or remain shrouded in darkness is of small moment in this case. Enough that the operatic representations at Her Majesty's Theatre will be continued for some time longer under the conditions that have characterised them hitherto, and lovers of lyric drama may further revel in the indulgence of their taste at the smallest possible cost.—D. T.

THAT the telephone would eventually prove a source, not only of great gratification, but of valuable instruction, nobody ever doubted. It has, however, remained for some thoughtful scientific gentlemen to utilise it in a way which will commend itself to all who lovingly observe nature. One of these, anxious to know how far the animal world assimilated itself to our own, lately introduced a telephone into some water which contained a fish. To his astonishment he found that the creature, alone and unable to converse with anything else, was actually talking to itself. A Mr S. E. Peal now comes forward, and, in a letter to a scientific contemporary, confirms this assertion. He, too, has been listening, and he finds that the large "Mahsir"—Barbes Macrocephalus—converses with a peculiar "cluck" or persuasive sound, which may be heard as far as forty feet from the water. He has also discovered that a large bivalve exists in some parts of Eastern Assam which actually "sings loudly in concert." After this it would be interesting to know what it is the pike says to the roach before swallowing it. If we are expert enough to read ciphers, surely we might, without great difficulty, learn the language of the jack.—D. T.

CONCERTS.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—More fortunate than the first, the second of these concerts, which took place in St James's Hall, on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst., presented the never failing attraction of Mr Sims Reeves's singing. The popular tenor was heard in "The Bay of Biscay," the "Jolly Young Waterman," and "Black-eyed Susan"—three of the ditties best known to everybody, and, which is more to the purpose, three of those that seem ever new in Mr Reeves's hands. Mr Santley was again present, and, besides repeating songs already in his repertory, gave, for the first time, "Old Timbertoes," by Mr Cecil Tovey, himself a vocal artist. The success of this novelty was immense. Having in both its words and music everything necessary to charm the public ear, and sung, as it was, with rare spirit and skill, the audience fairly shouted their approval. Mr Santley was fain to repeat the ballad, nor can there be much doubt that a similar obligation will be imposed whenever he brings it forward. Another success attended the singing, by Mr Edward Lloyd, of Balfe's "Spanish Serenade," which also had to be repeated. Encores, indeed, were the order of the evening, falling as well to Mme Sainton's "I can wait," sung by Miss Davies; Blumenthal's "Wedding Day," "Darby and Joan," both contributed by Mme Sterling; "The Old Oak Hall" (Miss Orridge) and "The Midshipmite" (Mr Maybrick). Mme Arabella Goddard gave several pianoforte solos, one of which—a graceful and erewhile very popular romance, "La Femme du Marin," by her earliest instructor, the late Kalkbrenner—as an example of delicate, refined, and exquisite playing, for touch, tone, grace, and feeling, all in all, could not possibly be surpassed. Another was Liszt's hideous Rhapsody on the Skating scene from poor Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, and another, Henselt's *étude*, "Si oiseau j'étais," during her performance of which we began to think that the fair pianist was really a feathered biped, and about to soar away in mid-ether, so ornithologically velocitous was her flight over the key-board. The programme was again agreeably diversified by the concerted music of the London Vocal Union.

THE Grosvenor Choral Society gave Henry Smart's beautiful and characteristic cantata, *The Bride of Dunkerron*, at the Grosvenor Hall on Friday evening, November the 21st. The principal vocalists were Mme Worrell, Messrs Alfred Kenningham and Henry Cross. The work was very well rendered, the choral singing being especially good. Mr Henry Baker's conducting was all that could be desired. The hall was, as usual, crowded.—F. A. J.

* "Which no" (outside) "fellow can understand."—Lord Dundreary.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY.—The twenty-third and last *soirée musicale* of this excellent society for the introduction of artists and the performance of new compositions, took place at Langham Hall, on Wednesday, the 26th November, exciting great interest and pleasure among a large audience. The instrumental pieces given for the first time, included "Grand Trio" by F. Hiller (piano, Herr Hause; violin, Herr Otto Booth; violoncello, Herr Schubert); a new solo for pianoforte, "Merry Life" (Herr Hause); new solos for violoncello (Herr Schubert), violin (Herr Otto Booth), and Impromptu for pianoforte (Barry Guido)—played by their respective composers. Amongst the new songs were "Stranded" (H. J. Stark) sung by Mr Prenton; and "Baby, darling, close thine eyelids" (Dubois) by Miss Alice Clifford. Mme Adeline Paget was encored in the "Bolero" of Dotzauer, Miss Grosvenor contributing "Never again" (Gounod), and "Darby and Joan." Herr Schubert conducted. The amateur orchestral and last concert of the thirteenth season is fixed for Wednesday, Dec. 17th.

A CONCERT, which attracted a large and fashionable audience, was given on Tuesday, the 25th inst., by Mdle Ida Corani, at the residence of Mrs Morell Mackenzie. Mdle Corani was supported by a number of brother and sister artists, and the entertainment took higher rank than ordinary on such special occasions. Mme Trebelli would have appeared but for a change of opera at Her Majesty's Theatre; Mme Marie Roze, however, was present, and, besides the songs put down for her, joined Signor Foli in Mozart's "La dove sono," which had to be repeated. Signor Foli was encored in Pascal's "When all the world was young." Signor Rizzelli and Signor Vergara, by their vocal efforts, Signor Papini, on the violin, and Signor Tito Mattei, on the pianoforte, added to the attractions of the programme. Mdle Ida Corani took a prominent part—joining Signor Rizzelli in Schira's graceful duet, "L'Estasi," introducing a new song by Louisa Gray, obtaining an encore for a brilliant rendering of Fanny Puzzi's aria, "L'Eco," and leading the Spinning Quartet from *Marta*. In all these she showed herself thoroughly competent, possessed of abundant means and a genuine expression that cannot fail to excite sympathy. Mdle Corani intends following her profession for some time in the lyric theatres of Italy.

MISS JOSEPHINE AGABEG'S *soirée musicale* was held on Thursday, November 20, at 74, Lancaster Gate, the residence of Setto Apcar, Esq. The singers were Mme Edith Wynne, the Misses Allisen, Damian, and Elena Vere, and the solo instrumentalists were Miss Josephine Agabeg (pianoforte), Mr Léon Castali (violin), and Mr John Thomas (harp). Mme Edith Wynne sang Gounod's "Ave Maria" (violin *obligato*, Mr Castali) and Spohr's "Rose softly blooming" in her most artistic and attractive manner. Miss Vere gave Blumenthal's "The old, old story" with pleasing expression, and the Misses Allisen sang the charming *bolero* duet from *Les Diamants de la Couronne*, "Dans les défilés de la montagne," Herr Holländer's "Haidenröslein," and Mendelssohn's "Das Aehrenfeld," winning merited applause in all three. Miss Damian contributed a "Serenata" by Braga and Sullivan's "Lost Chord" with unmistakable success. Miss Josephine Agabeg and Mr Léon Castali began the concert with the "variations and finale" from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. In the course of the evening the clever pianist, in conjunction with Mr Ganz, who rendered the orchestral accompaniment on a second piano, gave Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor. Miss Agabeg subsequently introduced Mr Ganz's brilliant Fantasia on airs from *La Traviata*, for pianoforte alone, and, with Mr John Thomas, a duet for pianoforte and harp on themes from Gounod's *Faust*. Mr Thomas played "La Mandoline," of Parish Alvars, in his most finished style, and, on being "called" back, substituted his own arrangement of the "March of the Men of Harlech." Mr Léon Castali's solo was the well-known "Rêverie" of Vieuxtemps, which he was compelled to repeat. The concert came to an end with an effective performance by Misses Florence Shadwell, Beatrice Hickman, Ida Agabeg, and Annie Waterhouse, of an arrangement for four performers on two pianofortes of the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. Mr Wilhelm Ganz and Mr W. Carter accompanied the vocal music.

THE first of a series of entertainments announced for alternate Monday evenings, under the title of "Grosvenor Philharmonic Concerts," took place at the Hall, in Buckingham Palace Road, on Monday, November 24. The attendance would doubtless have been greater but for the inclemency of the weather, which more or less affected all entertainments of the kind. The singers were Misses Edwards and Alice Fairman, Messrs Frederic Penna and Gerard Coventry, the instrumentalists being Herr Lehmeier, Misses Schonenwald and Edwards (pianoforte), Herr Schneider (violin), and Herr Schubert (violoncello). The *pièce de résistance* was Beethoven's Trio in E flat (Op. 1, No. 1) for piano, violin, and violoncello, played with true accuracy and spirit by Miss Edwards,

Herren Schneider and Schuberth, and listened to throughout with marked attention. Among the vocal pieces most appreciated were Handel's "Tears such as tender fathers shed," artistically rendered by Mr Frederic Penna; the same composer's "Cangio d'aspetto," sung by Miss Fairman; and Mozart's "Voi che sapete," by Miss Edwards. The second part of the programme included excerpts from modern composers. Mr Gerard Coventry gave, with true expression, Sullivan's "Once again;" Miss Edwards contributing Millard's "Waiting." The concert ended with Bishop's quartet, "Sleep, gentle lady." Herren Lehmeier and Schuberth accompanied.

PROVINCIAL.

WORCESTER.—On Friday evening, Nov. 21st, the Worcester Philharmonic Society gave their first concert in the Music Hall. Beethoven's *Engedi* (*Mount of Olives*), a selection from *Israel in Egypt*, and the overture to Handel's *Ether* were performed. The principal singers were Miss Annie Marriott, Messrs Millward and Charles Abercrombie. We cannot praise too highly Miss Marriott's singing, as the Prophetess, in Beethoven's cantata, and were hardly less pleased with Mr Abercrombie, whose cultivated voice was heard to full advantage in the recitative "Oh! let thy sword within its scabbard rest," and in the trio "Against the Lord's anointed." The ability of Mr Millward, first bass of Worcester Cathedral, is well known, and it may be understood that his share of the music left nothing to desire. In the recitative, "Vengeance is ours," he was especially effective. The band and chorus were thoroughly competent. Mr W. Done, the excellent organist of Worcester Cathedral, conducted.—(*From a Correspondent.*)

LIVERPOOL.—The Societa Armonica gave another "open rehearsal" in the Liverpool Institute, on Saturday, Nov. 22nd. The programme embraced selections from Mozart, Mendelssohn, Bellini, and A. Romberg. One of the most pleasing features of the concert was an overture (conducted by the composer,) entitled *Joan of Arc*, written by Mr Henry Lawson, leader of the orchestra, and played for the first time. Romberg's Symphony in E flat, Mendelssohn's *Andante con Moto*, and an overture in D minor, by Kalliwoda, the other orchestral pieces, were performed, under Mr Armstrong, in a manner creditable to the members of the society. The vocalists were Miss Linda Cuthbert and Mr Pierpont.—At Mr W. Lea's "Hope Hall" concert, which took place on the same evening, the attraction was Mdme Antoinette Sterling, whose singing was exquisite, each of her three pieces being encored. The other singers were Mdme Pauline Graystone, Misses Laura Haworth, and Jeannie Gilbert, Messrs George Barton, W. Forrester, and Theodore Lawson.—The first of a series of concerts of classical instrumental music was given in the concert chamber of Messrs Crane & Son, on Monday evening. There was a numerous attendance. The artists were Miss Annie Smith, Messrs J. Monk, E. W. Thomas (leader and solo violinist of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society), and Frank Weston (violinello).—The *Messiah* was performed at the Ormskirk Institute on Tuesday, Nov. 25th. The Liverpool Vocalists' Union, augmented for the occasion by some members of the Philharmonic Society, did justice to the choruses. Mr T. C. Jones conducted in a manner deserving of all praise, his beat being at all times steady and well defined. Mdme Billine Porter, whose refined vocalisation is so well known to Lancashire audiences, sang the soprano solos and fully sustained her well-earned reputation. Miss Maggie Reece, of the Royal Academy of Music, whose first appearance before an Ormskirk audience lent additional interest to the concert, received a most cordial greeting. Her singing of "He was despised" was full of pathos, and in "He shall feed His flock" she manifested signs of genuine artistic culture. Altogether the concert was a complete and emphatic success.

WARRINGTON.—The Musical Society of this town have announced a performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* for Monday next, under the direction of Dr Hiles. The solo singers are Miss Catherine Penna, Mr T. Cobham, and Mr Frederic Penna.

BOURNEMOUTH.—The Amateur Musical Society commenced their tenth season on Thursday, Nov. 25, with Handel's *Acis and Galatea*. The choruses were executed in a manner reflecting credit on the society and on Mr T. A. Burton, its conductor from the beginning. The performance was an unquestionable success. The part of Galatea was well sustained by Miss Rowden who was frequently applauded. Mr Shakespeare (Acis) who was in excellent voice, made a marked impression in "Love in her eyes," and was unanimously encored in "Love sounds the alarm." In the absence of the tenor, Miss Kilgour undertook the part of Damon at short notice, and proved herself a most acceptable substitute. Polypheme was allotted to Mr H. Leigh Bennett, who, though somewhat over-

weighted, got through his task with considerable effect. The trio "The flocks shall leave the mountains," made the usual marked impression. The concert was brought to a close by a selection of glees and the duet "Sul Campo," which Messrs Shakespeare and Leigh Bennett were compelled to repeat. The committee are to be congratulated on the marked progress exhibited already at the commencement of the season.

BRIGHTON.—A large audience assembled at Mr W. Coenen's concert, in the Pavilion Dome on Thursday evening, November 20th. Mdme Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Hoare (pupil of Mrs Sims Reeves), Mdme Antoinette Sterling, Signor Foli, and Mr J. H. Pearson, were the singers. "The excitement of the concert"—says the *Brighton Guardian*—"was a *Caprice Militaire*, composed by Mr Coenen for this occasion, and performed by sixteen of his pupils on eight pianofortes. The theme is spirited, and, although there is nothing difficult or elaborate for the player, the general effect is good. The steadiness of time throughout was creditable to the young ladies, who may be complimented on their first appearance in public. Although past ten o'clock, and the *Caprice Militaire* was but the second item of the last part of the programme, a repetition was persisted in. Mdme Antoinette Sterling, always a favourite in Brighton, gave a charming rendering of a new song by Coenen, "True Love," for which she was warmly encored. Mr J. H. Pearson is not heard often enough in Brighton, but the unanimous encore awarded to him in "Alice, where art thou?" (for which he substituted "My pretty Jane"), and the applause he obtained in "M'appari tutt' amor," showed how thoroughly his ability was appreciated. The Misses Kingsbury contributed two duets, and the Philharmonic Choir again proved themselves a carefully trained body of singers.

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(*From a Correspondent.*)

The fête of St Cécile was celebrated at the Church of St Michael on Sunday last, by the performance of a grand mass, in which a great many amateurs took part, and on Monday at the Church of St Nicholas, when Cherubini's *Messe du Sacre* was given by a large orchestra and chorus, under the direction of M. Tarranne, Maître du chapelain, the soloists being Mdme Faye, who sang the "O Salutaris" of Gounod, Mdme Attelyn, and MM. Lodeve and Terry, assisting in the "Credo," "Gloria," and "Agnus Dei." M. G. Pellereau played on the grand organ, during the "Offertoire," a composition of his own, and at the termination a march.

I must congratulate M. Tarranne and all concerned on the effective way in which Cherubini's magnificent work was given. M. Strebelle, first violin at the Salle Monsigny, played a solo near the end. The fair of November, or, as it is called, St Martin, was over last night. My report of it, musically, must be that there was an excellent organ at the "merry-go-round," which was accompanied (when the "artist" was not at dinner, or smoking a pipe) by vigorous thumps on the big drum. *Voilà tout.* Nothing new at the theatre lately, but to-night there is to be a performance of *Ruy Blas* by a company from the Porte St Martin and Ambigu. *Le droit du Seigneur* is announced for Saturday.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, 26th Nov.

X. T. R.

ALBANI AT FLORENCE.

(*From the "Corriere dei Teatri."*)

Ieri ho assistito alla prova generale della *Lucia* al Teatro Pagliano e, confesso il vero ho creduto di ringiovanire di trent'anni almeno.

L'Albani è un'artista che ricorda i più bei tempi dell'arte musicale, è un'artista che possedendo a perfezione tutte le grazie e le sfumature, le delicatezze più squisite del canto di grazia e di agilità, non s'è lasciata trascinare al barocco nell'abuso delle agilità, non s'è lasciata sedurre dagli applausi del volgo poi *chiricchicchi*, per le note picchettate, pei trilli esagerati, per l'acrobatismo del canto. Essa tenne a sua guida il più fine gusto estetico, il più delicato sentimento dell'arte e dell'espressione artistica. Essa è in tutta la pienezza della sua bella e soavissima voce: canta, fraseggia, accenta come ai bei tempi della Persiani, della De Giuli, della Frezzolini. Nella cavatina, nel rondò, nel gran duetto col tenore, in tutti i pezzi è sublime, sfida ogni confronto.

Firenze, Nov. 22.

CONCERTS IN VIENNA.

The persons who attended the first Philharmonic Concert read in the programmes for the first time the name of Anton Dvorak, and, for the first time, heard a composition, "Slavische Rhapsodie für Orchestra" (A flat major, No. 3), by the Unknown aforesaid. Berlin, Breslau, and Pesth had preceded us in the performance of this composition; in most of the larger musical towns of Germany, and even in London, the work is to be found in the list of novelties for the season. Then the composer has achieved a position very rapidly? All at once, and yet very slowly. He had to go through bitter years of privation and heap up piles of compositions, ere fortune smiled on him, and he was lucky enough to become known and appreciated. Dvorak was born in 1841, in a Bohemian village, near Kralup, on the Moldau. All the week he had to help his father in the latter's trade, but was allowed to play on Sundays in church and at dances. When he was a youth of eighteen, the yearning for more thorough instruction in music impelled him irresistibly to Prague, where that excellent musician, Director Pietsch, received him into the organ school. Dvorak at first earned the means of subsistence as a member of the band at the Bohemian Theatre, and subsequently as organist in several of the churches of Prague, with a brilliant annual salary of thirty, then sixty, and finally one hundred and twenty florins. Amid incessant cares and privations, he composed with uninterrupted and fiery zeal a large number of choruses, and wrote things for the chamber and the orchestra, including even two Czechish operas at the Landestheater, without any amelioration of his wretched circumstances. The happy notion then struck him of applying to the Minister of Instruction in Vienna for an "artist's stipend." These stipends are granted annually by the State to assist "young and talented artists without means." Most of them are with perfect justice awarded to painters and sculptors, the last part of whose professional education necessitates as a rule expensive travels for the purpose of study. Such exhibitions cannot possibly foster to an equal extent the native talent for composition; still even in this respect they have not failed to bring forth good fruit. It is true that in many instances talent does not realise all it at first seemed to promise. Nay, a number of talented persons apply who do not even promise anything. Among the petitions which, bending beneath the weight of scores, are annually forwarded to the Minister for a stipend, the largest number usually come from composers who, of the three indispensable qualifications—youth, want of means, and talent—possess only the first two and waive all claim to the third. It was then a very agreeable surprise when one day Anton Dvorak, a petitioner from Prague, sent in proofs of an intensive talent for composition, though it was a talent still in fermentation. We recollect, for instance, a symphony pretty wild and untrammelled, but, at the same time, so full of talent, that Herbeck, then a member of our Committee, interested himself warmly for it. After that, Dvorak received every year his artist's stipend, which freed him from his most oppressive musical forced drudgery. And in this position it seemed that matters were unfortunately destined to remain. Although such material assistance afforded by the State undoubtedly carries within it moral assistance as well, Dvorak remained in his native land without an appointment and without a publisher. It was not till Brahms had been summoned by Herr Stremayr, the Minister, to replace Herbeck on the Committee that the recognition of Dvorak's talent took the necessary practical turn. Brahms, who by deed as well as by word aids every serious effort of pronounced talent—himself remaining unobserved and silent as Schumann once used to do—obtained a publisher for Dvorak, whose modesty amounted to timidity. Dvorak's "Slavische Tänze" and "Klänge aus Mähren" were now published by Simrock. The merit of being the first publicly to recognise the unknown composer belongs to L. Ehlert, who praises the above compositions with kindly eloquence in the *Berliner National-Zeitung*. "Here," says Ehlert, "is at last another instance of genuine talent, and moreover of genuinely natural talent. I consider 'Die Slavischen Tänze' a work which will go round the world. Heavenly naturalness flows through this music, and is the reason of its great popularity. There is no trace of aught artificial or laboured. We have to do with something thoroughly artistic, and not with a pasticcio, made up at hazard of national reminiscences. As is always the case with broadly constituted talent, humour has a very large share in Dvorak's music. Dvorak

writes such merry and original basses that they cause the heart of a real musician to leap again with joy. The duets, too, on some exceedingly pretty Moravian folk's-songs, are of exhilarating freshness." So favourable was the opinion of one of our most eminent critics, though he was not acquainted with Dvorak's more important works for the orchestra and the chamber. Herr Taubert, Royal Prussian *Capellmeister*, had Dvorak's third "Rhapsodie" recently performed at one of the Symphony-Soirées of the Royal Chapel, an unusual mark of distinction, considering the classical and conservative character of the above concerts. Immediately afterwards, and likewise in Berlin, Joseph Joachim played Dvorak's Stringed Sextet. Thus they are thoroughly German authorities who have drawn Dvorak from his native obscurity and greeted him as a man of unusual talent. We emphasize this fact, because it refutes the ridiculous suspicion that Dvorak's reputation is the work of the National-Czechish party. His fellow-countrymen in Prague naturally patronised in their way the composer of Czechish operas, but "bei all ihrem Protegiren hätt' er können. . . ." ("despite of all their patronage, he might, etc.")—See Heine's *Poems*. There has really been no propaganda at work on the part of Prague for Dvorak, and, even had such a thing been attempted, how far does Czechish pleading penetrate in the world of art? The national antipathy and political opposition, evident in certain Viennese opinions of Dvorak's "Rhapsodie," would here be without justification, even were such considerations ever allowable in matters of pure art. If any opposition was contemplated by the public and the critics against the art-descent of Dvorak's work, it has really affected not Prague, but—Berlin. The "Rhapsodie" was received respectfully but not warmly. After the impression produced at the grand rehearsal, we expected it would have made a more lively impression. With its fresh, easy, flowing style, it has something about it which carries one away. By its national character and sensual charm, and also by the easy breadth of its form, which is somewhat diffusive and not stiffly put together, it reminds the hearer of Schubert. The very beginning preludes in an extremely happy fashion an *andante* motive first given by the harp alone, and then strengthened most pleasingly by the wind instruments, a motive which is reflective, not sorrowful; only breathing a little touch of sadness. When we have the same motive rhythmically abridged as an *Allegro* in three-four time, the effect is marvellous. Then onward it sweeps in a whirl of joyousness. He who could write the first fourteen bars of this score must be called a man of extraordinary talent, genuine and sound. The themes of the "Slavische Rhapsodie" are no national melodies, but free inventions of the composer. As its name implies, the "Rhapsodie" has not the set form of a sonata or an overture; it is in one movement, but many parts. It cannot be charged with being too mixed; the whole of it is carried out with two motives, which undergo all kinds of transformations effected with contrapuntal cleverness. It must, on the other hand, be regarded as a mistake that the composer does not know how to end at the right moment, but, after several preliminary starts, suddenly comes to a full stop or turns back again. Despite its length, the "Rhapsodie" does not weary for a moment; the mere charm of the instrumentation would not allow it to do so. Dvorak's orchestral effects, moreover, by no means belong to the artificial flowers sown at will on a piece of tapestry; they are natural blossoms, or rather something flowering brightly forth from out the musical germ, and not to be thought of apart from it. Everything in the work denotes an extraordinary feeling for genuine orchestral effect.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

(To be continued.)

Messrs C. Kegan Paul & Co. announce for early publication in one large quarto volume, "Songs from the published works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate, with musical accompaniments." Amongst the names of composers who will contribute to the collection are those of Sir J. Benedict, Sir Herbert Oakeley, Messrs Arthur Sullivan, Gounod, Otto Goldschmidt, Stanford, Joachim, Macfarren, Blumenthal, Hueffer, &c. Mr W. G. Cousins, Director of the Philharmonic Society, acts as editor.

Instead of Marchetti's *Don Giovanni d'Austria* or Bottesini's *Ero e Leandro*, Wagner's *Lohengrin* will be given at the Teatro Apollo, Rome.

ST ANDREW'S EVE AT ST JAMES'S HALL.

(From another Roaming Correspondent.)

Long before the hour announced for the commencement of the "Scottish Festival" the spacious hall was crowded in every part; and not only so, but hundreds of disappointed Scots were compelled to celebrate elsewhere the festival of their patron saint. Mr Terry enlivened the audience with a selection of Scotch music on the grand organ during the spare interval. The programme began appropriately with Geikie's charming setting of "My heather hills," by the "Scottish Choral Society," conducted by Mr Latter. This choir promises well; the voices are fresh and well selected, but a little more precision in attack is desirable. The voices too are somewhat unevenly balanced. This, however, may soon be remedied, and, after careful drilling, Mr Latter may be congratulated on having added another to the many useful choirs in this great city. Miss Ellen Lamb followed with "Maxwelton braes are bonnie," in which she quite won the hearts of her audience. Miss Lamb sweetly rendered the sentiment of the ballad, and was rapturously encored. Miss Agnes Ross was, if possible, even more successful in "The Standard on the Braes o' Mar;" she received quite an enthusiastic ovation, and was compelled to repeat the last verse. This lady promises to be a great acquisition to the concert room. Her "Caller Herrin'" in the second part could scarcely be excelled, and "brought down the house." The encore could not be resisted, when "There's nae luck about the house" was given with equal success. The popular favourite, Mr Maybrick, gave "Scotland Yet," and "The March of the Cameron Men" in his usual spirited style, but was evidently suffering from a cold. He was ill-advised, we think, to leave out the refrain in the latter song. The Scotch dearly love to have the words and music of their national songs given exactly as they are written. The slightest liberty taken is at once detected, and seldom if ever appreciated. Mr Henry Seligmann made a very successful first appearance at these concerts in "Jessie, the Flower of Dumblane" and in "The Hundred Pipers," the first given with touching pathos and the latter with considerable spirit, both being received with well-merited applause. Mrs Osgood is a never-failing favourite; her "Charlie is my darling" and "Comin' through the rye" were all that could be desired, and were loudly re-demanded. Miss Hope Glenn made a great hit in "Will ye no' come back again?" having to "come back again" twice to the platform. Mr Edward Lloyd's singing of the quaint old ballad, "Oh! open the door," was simply exquisite, and the encore irresistible; his "Kelvin Grove" was equally successful, and had to be repeated. In "Auld Robin Gray" and in "Scots wha hae" Mdm Patey proved how well she had studied and understood the songs of her father's land. For both she received such ovations as seldom fall to the lot of public singers. When the loud and long applause had subsided after the first pathetic song, Mdm Patey touched another chord by her humorous mode of giving "The Laird o' Cockpen." And surely "the Scotch blood leapt in a' her veins" as she nobly declaimed "Scots wha hae!" This, too, had to be repeated amid thunders of applause. We almost venture to believe that in order to render the "auld Scots sangs" successfully, one must be to the manner born. But, again, we are compelled to remember how inimitably "the great tenor" can rouse the enthusiasm of any audience when he hurls forth defiance in the war song of "The Macgregor," or touches the deep well-springs of the heart in "The Land o' the Leal," "Ye banks and braes," "Ae fond kiss," "Bonnie wee thing," and many others of the songs of Scotland. Long may Mr Sims Reeves be spared to delight us as he did on this "St Andrew's Eve!" So long as a note of his splendid voice exists we shall have in him the great artist. It only remains to notice Miss Hope Glenn's spirited rendering of the prince of Jacobite songs, "Cam' ye by Athol," which was much applauded, and Miss Ellen Lamb's equally charming "Jock o' Hazeldean" (deservedly encored). The Choral Society, too, merit a word of praise for "Welcome, Royal Charlie," and for that gem of love-songs, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw." "Sae charming" was it, the demand for a repeat could not be resisted. A novelty in the shape of a descriptive part song by Saunders and Terry, "Hark, 'tis the slogan's martial strain," introducing "The Campbells are comin'," and "Auld Lang Syne," brought pipers, grand organ, and choir together. It seemed to afford pleasure, and was

re-demanded. The pipers of the Scots Guards created the usual amount of enthusiasm in the familiar reels and strathspeys. The concert altogether was a very great success. The programme was well selected, and the artists well chosen. The *entrepreneurs* deserve a special word of praise for bringing forward in one evening such a constellation of lady artists as perhaps never before graced a ballad concert.

MUSIC IN GENOA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The great musical event of the day is the production of Sig. Amilcare Ponchielli's opera, *La Gioconda*, at the Politeama Genovese. It is long since any work achieved so exceptional a success in the old city of the Dorias, and every one is talking about it. The opera was well put on the stage, well sung, and well acted by the Signore Mariani Masi, Celega, De-Angelis, Signori Marconi, Moriami, and De Reszké, who were repeatedly re-called in the course of the performance, a compliment paid, by the way, to the composer no less than thirty-two times, a respectable number even for Italy, where the audiences insist more frequently than in staid, sober, and smoky London, on seeing their favourite composers and singers advance to bow their thanks behind the foot lights. The local press is loud in its praise. The *Caffaro* of the 28th Nov., for instance, says:—

"*La Gioconda* was a triumph for every one yesterday evening at the Politeama. As for the calls for the composer, Sig. Ponchielli, I gave up counting them, but I think they exceeded thirty. All the numbers—without distinction—were received with unanimous, imposing, and long applause, so that the performance was not over till past midnight, and I believe that half the time was taken up by the public in giving vent to its enthusiasm. An encore was demanded and obtained of a violin solo in the first act; of Enzo's romance; and of the *finale* to the third act. The music is marvellous and invariably imposing—music which is understood and liked at once, and which electrifies those who hear it. The orchestra surpassed itself. Sig. Gialdini (who conducted) 'had to turn round several times and thank the audience. All the artists were most warmly and deservedly applauded."

The *Movimento* is quite as complimentary:

"Indescribable, immense, such, indeed, as to have very few parallels in the theatrical annals of Genoa, was the success yesterday evening of Ponchielli's *Gioconda*. There is not a shadow of exaggeration in this assertion; it is the exact truth. Sig. Ponchielli had ten calls in the first act; nine in the second; seven in the third; four in the fourth; and six after the opera was concluded. All these calls, too, were unanimous, unopposed and enthusiastic. Three pieces: the orchestral *stretta* of scene five, act one; the romance of the tenor in the second act; and the grandiose, imposing *finale* of the third, were repeated. The public wanted, also, various other pieces a second time. The execution may justly be characterised as the prototype of perfection. Signora Mariani Masi; Sig. Marconi, tenor; Sig. Moriami, barytone; Sig. Reszké, bass; Signora Celega, contralto; and Signora Mariani De-Angelis, were most warmly applauded in every one of their pieces. Sig. Gialdini, likewise, was the object of especial general ovations, for the thoroughly masterly way in which he directed everything. Sig. Galliano, chorus-master, Sig. Mocaico, scenic artist, and all else engaged in the opera were likewise applauded. The *mise-en-scène* was very splendid."

The second performance was even more successful than the first, and the fortunate composer is lionised everywhere he shows himself.

RAY AND SHADOW! *

When thro' summer hours we float,
Bright strains ringing in our ears,
What reck we of sunbeam's mote?
Who that smiles e'er dreams of tears?

When the roses round us lie,
One fair mass of incens'd bloom,
What if they to-morrow die,
We have breath'd their sweet perfume!

* Copyright.

And tho' in Love's idyll live
Partings sad and passionate pain,
Who that's lone would not all give,
Just to hear Love's voice again?

Then while Love round us doth fold
Lustrous joy we'll feel but this;
We, from chalice of pure gold,
Drink life's truest, fullest bliss!

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

PROSPECTS GENERALLY.

At the beginning of another concert season it may not be unprofitable to inquire whether the outlook is altogether such as the best friends of music would have it. We shall do this in no pessimist mood. Though the art may pass through times of depression, every such period is followed by a corresponding exaltation, and the wearing out or breaking up of the machinery by which music's beneficent results are produced only foreruns an era of renewing. There is some comfort in this, and just now amateurs need comfort, since on all hands signs appear that the present order of musical things cannot long endure, while nobody knows what kind of interregnum may follow. In the first place, there is reason to fear that two important associations are on the eve of dissolution. The Sacred Harmonic Society publicly announces the forthcoming series of concerts as its last in Exeter Hall, and it is an "open secret" that the resolve of the proprietors of that edifice not to apply for a music licence next year practically means the break up of the Society, to be followed, let us hope, by renewed life in another and better form. With the present season, also, Mr Henry Leslie's Choir, so long the boast of the metropolis in all that appertains to unaccompanied vocal music, ceases to exist. In this case, however, there is no such significance as in that of the older and greater institution. The Choir does not discontinue because it has become effete, or because the public are indifferent to its claims, but on account of the retirement of Mr Leslie, and the reluctance of the members to imperil a brilliant reputation by placing it in strange hands. These reasons may appear sufficient from the point of view of those who are about to act upon them, but none the less must we regard as a calamity the disappearance of the only society devoted to a school of music in which our composers were once unsurpassed. The condition of the Sacred Harmonic Society deserves more thought, because, in some sort, putting before us a representative case. Those who are interested in such matters know that the Exeter Hall proprietors have only hastened, and not caused, the impending catastrophe. For some years past the great organisation devoted to oratorio has steadily gone down hill, the only question as to its reaching the bottom being one of time. This is the more remarkable, since if English people love any particular form of music better than the rest, it is oratorio, while they are ever ready to support a society which has earned consideration by good service in the past. Yet the public do not respond as they once did to appeals from Exeter Hall, and season after season has been carried on with disheartening results. A problem somewhat like this is presented by the Philharmonic Society. True, we hear no rumours of threatened extinction in its case, and the venerable body which, while its youth was hot, had dealings with Beethoven, may long continue in placid enjoyment of the sympathy and support accorded by a select circle of friends. Yet how has this erstwhile representative society fallen from high estate! Time was when it guided public taste, and gave to aspiring artists the "hall-mark" which alone could secure acceptance for their pretensions, while its performances, if not up to our present standard of excellence, satisfied the requirements of their day. Now who thinks of the Philharmonic Society save as the annual giver of eight concerts, which are moderately good when they are not bad, and as an institution that ekes out existence on reputation accumulated by men who are dead and gone? These may seem harsh words; but the question is whether they are true, and their veracity cannot be disputed. Adding to the disquietude caused by all this, comes a rumour that the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace are in danger, while we know that the New Philharmonic Concerts were lately abandoned by the enterprising gentleman who for so many years carried them on. It is no less a matter of fact that the time for beginning a new season of the performances lately conducted by Mme Viard-Louis has passed without a sign even of preparation.

We may be told, as regards the older societies to which reference has been made, that events have only followed a natural course. Musical institutions, it may be said, arise, flourish, and decay, simply in accordance with a universal law. Whether the law in their case springs from necessity is another question altogether, and it will generally be found that bodies like the Sacred Harmonic Society begin to decay as soon as they are old enough to have traditions, or whenever they remain in the hands of men who belong to the past. We may take it as an axiom in such matters that the future is only secured by running level with the present, since an examination of decaying societies always shows that they have dropped behind, either in the matter or the manner—very often both—of what they do. For years past, those times excepted when it produced Macfarren's *John the Baptist*, and an oratorio version of Rossini's opera, *Moïse*, when, also, it gave a performance of Beethoven's great Mass, which no amateur wished to hear repeated, and of Bach's *Passion*, which those concerned never intended to repeat,

the Sacred Harmonic Society has tried to live upon a small repertory of familiar masterpieces. And it has not lived, but starved. So, in a measure, with the Philharmonic, albeit a wild excursion was made two or three years ago into the most "advanced" region of orchestral music. That desperate pronouncement naturally caused alarm in the placid minds which were expected to approve it, and since then the society has settled down again to work in a fashion productive of no uneasiness. A common reply to the argument against living exclusively in a limited past is based upon the fact that when new works are performed the public do not attend. A more superficial retort could hardly be made. Of course the public do not attend, and why? Simply because an appetite for musical novelties is, in England, very far from a natural gift, and has to be cultivated by dint of care and pains. The making and strengthening of that appetite involves a work of time, and to look for its development at first sight is as absurd as to be disheartened when it shows no sign. We have proof of the fact in the instances of the Crystal Palace Concerts, and those given for twenty years in St James's Hall by Mr Arthur Chappell. The first, in a special degree, and the second to a large extent, now flourish on the well-grounded assumption of the public that attendance thereat is an education not only in the music of the past but of the present. Both institutions have, by wise and spirited management, given rise to that assumption, and created a public capable of acting upon it. Hence their prosperity is constant, and their repute and honour are continually fresh, instead of being the stale remnants of former worth. It is, of course, easy to urge that not every society can outlive the period required to quicken and train public taste. The assertion is true enough, and "pity 'tis 'tis true," but we may fall back upon the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, and get some sort of comfort therefrom.

Another besetting weakness of musical societies springs from the low standard of merit with which they often content themselves in performance. This is, no doubt, largely encouraged by the easy good-nature and limited artistic perception of English audiences, and, also, by the leniency of public criticism. Concert-goers rarely complain above their breath even of an atrocity, and critics, when they find fault, temper their words with so many qualifications as to make them almost useless for incentive or warning. But those who offend with impunity are offenders none the less, and musical societies are not excused for doing just as much as and no more than will save them from reprimand. It is scarcely necessary for our present purpose to give examples of obvious and unardonable shortcomings. Every amateur can supply them for himself, and we may be content to add, as indicating a possible remedy, that default frequently arises out of amiable consideration for individuals rather than indifference to art. In one case, perhaps, a society does not like to purge its chorus of old and worn-out voices; or, in another, it shrinks from deposing a conductor who has done his best without doing well enough. Every position, however, involves disagreeable duties, and the world cannot exist upon sentiment. Music especially is an exacting mistress. She expects from her lovers an unflinching devotion and a single eye to her greater glory, no matter who suffers therefrom. Unless these things be forthcoming disaster follows sooner or later. Taking a broad view of the present case, there is, perhaps, little reason to regret its abounding signs of change. Should the old societies disappear, others are certain to arise, young, vigorous, and eager to profit by the lessons of the past. As to this much may be expected, unless present appearances mislead, from amateurs who have both the will and, in association, the means to carry on musical institutions with a primary view to musical good. Already two such bodies are in existence and at work. We refer to the Bach Society and the London Musical Society, neither of which depends for life upon the humour of the public, but is self-sustaining to the full extent required, and therefore able to carry on its educational work without hindrance. Hitherto must we look for the musical organisation of the future. The task should be a mission and not a speculation; the workers devotees, and not reckoners of profit and loss. And in the light of a mission is the spread of musical influences coming to be more and more regarded. How else may we explain the capital concerts given to the poorest of the poor last winter by bands of accomplished amateurs, or how else may we account for the scene in Birmingham Town Hall, but recently when thousands of mechanics and their families crowded to the first performance organised by the Mayor, Mr Jesse Collings? Indeed, what other *raison d'être* have the two young societies named above? In the continuance and increasing of this spirit lies the hope of music, and also plentiful encouragement for those who timidly see the old order changing and giving place to new.—D. T.

Herr Ziehrer, *Hofcapellmeister*, Vienna, has completed a new buffo opera, *Ein kleiner Don Juan*, to be performed shortly in Pesth.

MOZART AND (ONCE MORE) ARABELLA GODDARD.

(From the "Sunday Times.")

"Mozart's Concerto in D minor, the eighteenth of his twenty-five, is one of the most widely known and universally admired of the series, every young and true aspirant numbering the *romanza* amongst his earliest classical studies, and the concerto, as a whole, being a work which all young pianists are (or ought to be) set to learn. The lesson given by Mme Arabella Goddard in her beautifully clear and classically pure rendering of the composition was worth a bushel of precept. The great English pianist's perfection of style was never more admirably revealed, and it would have gladdened the heart of the fastidious Mendelssohn himself (who loved this concerto above all the others by Mozart) to hear her performance. That the accompaniments were rendered with all possible efficiency may be taken for granted. Mme Goddard won a great and deserved success—all the more to be taken note of in the present day, when eccentricity masquerades as genius, and incorrectness is considered a sign of 'individuality.'"

It is of no use. Arabella Goddard is of English parentage. *Cela suffit.* As the Boatswain says, in Arthur Gilbert Sullivan's inimitable *H.M.S. Pinafore*—

"She might have been a Rooshian,
A French, or Turk, or Prooshian,
Or perhaps Itali—an,
But she (herself has said it,
And it's greatly to her credit),
In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
Remains an English-man."

À quoi bon?—the Frenchman will say, with that mysterious Editor of the *Musical Times*, who calls Mozart's fiery and impassioned D minor a "lovely concerto," as if it contained nothing but the slow movement in B flat, and finds the reading of his gifted countrywoman "cold and unsympathetic." An iceberg might prefer the same complaint against a volcano. And while such appreciation of our greatest native artists is the rule, we go on mumbling, moaning, snivelling, and spluttering about the neglect of English art! Shame on such a criticism of such a performance! English art? English fiddlestick.

D. Beard.

AN ENGLISH COMPOSER AT THE "POPS."

(From the "Sunday Times.")

The fourth "Monday Pop." introduced a new English composer to the subscribers, in the person of Mr Francis W. Davenport, a young musician who is rapidly coming to the fore. Although he was represented by nothing of graver pretensions than the moiety of a set of six pieces for violoncello and pianoforte, dedicated to Signor Piatti, still these will doubtless form the thin end of the wedge which will subsequently lead to the performance of more important works, of which we believe Mr Davenport has already a goodly store in MS. The three numbers selected for performance last Monday were Nos. 2, 6, and 5; the first named is an air (*dolce e cantabile*) somewhat in the style of a romance, in the key of E flat, the pianoforte part being merely an accompaniment in *arpeggio* figures to the violoncello; the next in the order above cited is an "air with changes" in D minor, the violoncello again having the theme throughout; the last is an *Allegro energico* in B flat, in 9-8 measure—the rhythm as well as the character of the music suggesting a forest scene, meeting of huntmen, or something of that sort. Very considerable merit is exhibited in the writing of all three *morceaux*, and they are remarkable for the originality of their melodies as well as their independence of form. In production like these, which are simply sketches (though sketches can often be as valuable as the most highly-finished works), form may be set aside, and the composer allowed free play for his fancy; but though Mr Davenport has exclusively relied upon himself for the structure of pieces, he has not forgotten that a true musician must command a thorough knowledge of counterpoint, and he does his best to reveal his mastery in this direction. The "Melody with changes" is particularly interesting, it being a twelve-bar phrase reit-

erated no fewer than six times without alteration by the violoncello, the needful variety being imparted by the accompaniment, which alters its figure or harmonic progression each time the air is played. The No. 5, more conventional in treatment than its companions, is full of energy, bright and tuneful, and contains plenty of work for both instruments. The honour of introducing the new compositions fell to the share of Signor Piatti and Mdle Anna Mehlig, whose admirable playing gained success for the young composer and distinction for themselves. We should hear more of Mr Davenport.

—o—

THE ST GEORGE'S MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.

The second annual concert of the St George's Musical Association (a society of young artists, for the performance of vocal and instrumental music) took place at the New Concert Hall, Newman Street, on Thursday evening, the 27th ult., when a numerous audience assembled. The programme was chiefly selected from the works of standard composers, but also included some interesting and well-written novelties by Messrs George Gear and Charles Trew. The concert commenced with Sir Julius Benedict's arrangement for four performers on two pianofortes of his own "*Andantino*" and Chopin's "Posthumous Mazurka," well rendered by Mrs Guest, Misses Royle, Evans, and Julia Codd. A violin duet by Dancila, played by Miss Dunbar Perkins (who is making rapid progress in her art) and Miss Kate Chaplin, a young and very promising pianist, met with great success. Miss Perkins also played a Cavatina by Mr Charles Trew, and took part, with Miss Susan Codd, in a duet for pianoforte and violin by Wolff and Vieuxtemps. "When night is gathering round," a new and pleasing song by Mr George Gear, with an appropriately flowing accompaniment, was sung by Miss Agnes Tiffin, and met with much favour. Mr George Gear performed a brilliant *rondo* of his own, entitled "La Gioja," and was associated with Miss Nellie Chaplin in the duet for two pianofortes, composed by M. Saint-Saëns, on a theme from one of Beethoven's sonatas. Miss Chaplin displayed equal ability in three short solos, including the *Valse Allemande* of Rubinstein. Miss Susan Codd gave Raff's *Rigaudon* with effect, as did Mrs Ullithorne and Miss Evans a duet by Reissiger, and Mr Charles Trew a graceful piece, entitled "Gondolied," from his own pen. The vocal music was of a much lighter character than the instrumental. Chamber-songs or airs from the lesser-known operas would have been preferable to ordinary ballads at a concert given by a musical society. However, the vocalists—Misses Marchant, Alice Davis, and Tiffin, Carreras, Messrs W. Monk (who sang Ascher's "Alice, where art thou?") and Mr Frank Thomas—were all well received. The conductors were Mr George Gear and Mr Charles Trew.—F.

—o—

MUSIC IN CHINA.

Once upon a time—as all fairy tales begin—the celebrated philosopher, Kung-fow-tse, made a journey to the kingdom of King, to receive instruction from a musician, named Liang, whose reputation was extraordinarily great. It was said that he had retained the good old traditions, and that, by his science, he rendered credible the musical miracles attributed to antiquity. The philosopher was impatient to know a man so remarkable, and to perfect himself in the first of arts. Kung-fow-tse was received among the disciples of Liang, and listened to his lectures. The master soon perceived that the new comer was no ordinary pupil. He sought an opportunity to converse with him, and after a few moments he ordered his attendant to bring the great lyre named *Kin*, an ancient instrument invented by Fou-Si, first Emperor of China. "Listen attentively," he said to Kung-fow, "to the melody I shall play." Kung-fow concentrated his attention, and the chords began to vibrate. At every note of the lyre the young philosopher redoubled his attention, and fell into a state of ecstasy, which remained even when the musician had ceased. "Enough for today," quoth Liang, astonished by the profound impression made on his disciple.

For ten successive days the master played the same melody to his pupil, and Kung-fow practised it after Liang. "Your manner of playing does not now differ from mine," the master said. "It is time for you to practise something else." "The humblest of your disciples," said Kung-fow, "dares to ask that you permit him still to practise that piece. It is not sufficient to play it correctly, like those who trace the lines of a figure, without knowing what the object represented is. I wish to find out the sense of the melody, to penetrate the idea of the composer, and I confess that, in spite of all my efforts, I have not yet succeeded." "Well, then," replied the teacher, "I give you five days longer to clear up that point."

The five days elapsed. Kung-fow presented himself to his master and said, "I begin confusedly to understand the spirit of this music; it is still obscure like objects seen through morning mist. Grant me yet five days, and if I do not succeed, deem me unworthy of the study of music." The time was granted; five days passed; Kung-fow presented himself with a gladsome countenance. "I have found what I sought," he exclaimed. "I am like one who has scaled some tall mountain and now descends beneath him the surrounding country. I see what the music contains. By attention and perseverance I have succeeded in discovering the intention of the author. All the sentiments felt by the author I have felt while interpreting the work in which he has enclosed them. I seem to see, to hear, to speak with him. He is a man of moderate stature, whose visage—somewhat lengthened—is of the colour lying midway between fair and dark, his eyes are large and full of sweetness; his aspect is noble; his voice, sonorous; all his person breathes virtue and imposes respect and love. The man, I am sure, is the illustrious Wen-Wang." Liang prostrated himself before his pupil. "Yes, Wen-Wang was the author of this music. Your penetration astonishes me. You have nothing more to learn of me. You are a sage. I aspire to the honour of being your disciple."

Is not this singular and well-authenticated scene marvellous? Who, in our age, would think of attributing to music such precision? The enthusiastic partisans of modern music could not profess to discover from a piece of music the colour and expression of the composer's eyes without running the risk of being called mad. And five centuries before our era such an affirmation made one of the most celebrated musicians of the Celestial Kingdom bend the pregnant hinges of the knee. What was this piece of music on which the great philosopher passed so many days of meditation? It could not have any relation to the simple and very monotonous melodies which now form the staple of Chinese music. Wen-Wang reigned 1,154 years before our era. Music had degenerated in the time of Kung-fow-tse, or Confucius, for, as we have seen, Liang was justly celebrated for possessing the antique traditions and effects.

Long before the reign of Wen-Wang, music was honoured. You-Li, the almost mythical emperor, invented the first instruments. In the reign of Hoang-ti, who lived 2,698 years B.C., the laws of musical sound were established, and the fifth year of Hun (2,250 B.C.) saw an imperial decree that divine worship should commence with the execution of the music called *lin-chao*. This music was divided into nine parts, and was accompanied by a dance. Hun, perhaps, was the author, for he was a great musician and composed many hymns. He established an academy of music, *tian-yo*, and confided the direction to Kon-ci, a great artist of the day. "Kon-ci," said the Emperor, "I name you superintendent of music; teach it to the sons of the princes and nobles; by means of this art make them sincere, affable, kind and sober, educate their spirits, preserve them from pride, translate your thoughts into verse, compose songs of diverse tones and adaptable to musical instruments. If you observe the eight modulations, and do not confound the various modes, men will be in accord with the superior spirits." Kon-ci replied to the Emperor in some verses which are very curious on account of the numerous instruments they mention and the light they throw on the musical organisation of the period. The verses are as follows:—"When the sonorous stones resound (*ki-con*), when the great lyre (*kin*) and the guitar (*see*) vibrate, when the human voice is heard, our ancestors present themselves, however remote the time when they departed. The son of the Emperor Yao mounted his throne, his vassals did him homage. The grave sounds of the flute and the tambourine (*too-kou*) began and ended at the same time, so the *Tetou* and the *yu* (pieces of sonorous wood). The *yang* (Pandean pipes) and the chimes sounded merrily. The birds and beasts were gay, the phoenix flapped her wings when she heard the nine sounds of the mode *siao-chao*. When I strike my sonorous rocks with sweetness or with force, the wild beasts leap for joy. Good intelligence reigns among men."

This programme of the symphony will give an idea of the state of the art. In the time of Chan, it was complicated and determined by severe rules; it was the art *par excellence*, by which the people could be governed. Bad music could ruin the empire. In an elegy written in the reign of Chan, "The Elegy of the Five Sons," it is said that the love of bad music is one of the six defects which could destroy a kingdom.

—o— WAIFS.

Verdi was staying recently in Milan.

Signora Stella Bonheur is re-engaged at the Apollo, Rome.

Sig. Canepa is appointed director of the School of Music at Sassari.

The Teatro Nuovo, Naples, is again closed, after a season of about a fortnight.

Sig. Bottesini succeeds Sig. Faccio as conductor at the Italian Opera, Madrid.

The Teatro Goa, Alessandria (Piedmont), has been completely destroyed by fire.

Sig. Gomez, the composer of *Guarini*, is recovering from an attack of rheumatic fever.

A new opera, *Don Riego*, by Sig. Dall' Oglgio, is announced at the Teatro Argentina, Rome.

Señor Sarasate will probably ere long take part in some concerts at the Carltheater, Vienna.

Sobeck's Quintet for Wind-Instruments was recently performed at the Ducal Theatre, Coburg.

Sig. Usiglio is superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *La Scommessa*, at the Teatro Rossini, Venice.

Herr E. Lassen is appointed conductor at the Theatre Royal, Hanover, in place of Herr Hans von Bülow.

Mr Vernon Rigby has just returned from a most successful six weeks' concert tour through England and Scotland.

Mad. Lucca, of Milan, has ordered a new opera of Sig. Smareglia, composer of *Preziosa*. (Not possible!—DR BLIDGE.)

Herr J. Ferenczy, the tenor of the Stadttheater, Graz, is engaged at the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, Berlin.

Amor que empieza y Amor que acaba is the title of a one-act operetta, by F. Caballero, recently produced in Madrid.

The Montevideo papers speak in high terms of a concert which was recently given there, and in which Sig. Bottesini took part.

Pacini's *Niccolò dei Lapi* will be performed during the carnival at Parma. (Why not Schira's, which is much better?—DR BLIDGE.)

A newspaper reporter who died lately left a large sum of money behind him. In fact, he left all the money there was in the world.

An agent from New York has offered Miss Catherine Penna a lucrative engagement for a period of two years in the United States.

A new waltz, "Nordseebilder," by Herr Johann Strauss, is making a sensation in Vienna. On its first performance it had to be repeated three times.

Mad. Lucca (of Milan), Signori Pedrotti, Mancinelli, and Giulio Ricciardi, have been named honorary members of the Istituzione Rossini, Bologna.

Mad. Zaguri, Miss Fernanda Tedesca (the accomplished American violinist), and Herr Leitert, have been giving concerts in Königsberg with signal success.

Having finished his five-act *Hérodiade*, M. Massenet has set about a three-act lyrical opera, *Werther*, the libretto founded on Goethe's well-known romance.

The 7,000th instrument was lately completed in the establishment of Herr Rudolph Ibach, Piano-Manufacturer to the Court, at Barmen, the event being celebrated by appropriate rejoicings.

At the marriage of Mr Barton McGuckin to Miss Hume, of Edinburgh, the March from Mendelssohn's *Athalie* was played on the organ by Mr Albert McGuckin at the commencement, and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" by Mr Gadsby at the conclusion of the ceremony.

On Saturday afternoon, the 22nd inst., the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, situate in Westow Street, Upper Norwood, was visited by the Lord Mayor, the Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex. The entertainment provided by the Principal and inmates of the institution consisted of an exhibition of the musical skill acquired by various pupils in the academy. The hall was filled by patrons of the institution and the pupils themselves, who bore on their countenances evidence of the fact that dejection seldom accompanies the infliction of blindness. The programme comprised solos on the organ by Master W. F. Schwieler, piano by Master A. Hollins, and violin by Prince Alexander of Hesse, the vocalists being Mr Wilmot, Misses A. Campbell and J. Dick. Part-songs were given by the choir. At the conclusion the Lord Mayor, acknowledging the gratification he had experienced, proclaimed himself ready to further the interests of the college.

EPIGRAM

On hearing Mr Horatio Pongo Jones recite some lines from *Hamlet* :—

"Gods! what a line!"—young Pongo cried,

"Shakspeare's own soul is there."

"In Mercy Pong"—his friend replied,

"His tortured spirit spare."

W. GUERNSEY.

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"It is obvious that the purpose indicated in the preface to the original edition of these Studies—i.e., the cultivation of expression and rhythmical feeling—being paramount in M. Stephen Heller's mind, and the technical difficulty of each Study of secondary consideration, there might occur in one book studies which, while making no greater demand on the musical sentiment of the pupil than others, would present much greater mechanical obstacles to overcome. A progressive arrangement of these Studies fusing the various books together, was considered desirable by M. Heller's publishers, and I have in the present publication attempted the task. The idea had previously occurred to a musician of repute in Vienna, Herr Hans Schnitt (to whom one of the numbers is specially and quaintly inscribed); but he did not venture beyond making a table of the various studies in the order he would recommend them for practice. This plan was necessarily incomplete, since, to make a perfectly graduated study of them, it was necessary to be at once possessed of the entire work, consisting of twenty books. Now that they are published in the order I have considered desirable, a single Book may be purchased with the security that each study therein contained is of about equal mechanical difficulty with the rest; at the same time, the complete work is issued in volumes, that the development of executive facility required may be viewed as a whole. To any objections that I have not always successfully classified the numbers in the strict ratio of their difficulty, I would submit that some of the apparently easy studies require a considerable amount of musical feeling and intelligence. For instance, Nos. 14 and 15 are mechanically easier than No. 1, but surely demand from the player, the former more fancy, and the latter more emotional playing than can be expected from a juvenile student, who might correctly and appropriately render No. 1. An intimacy, extending over the whole of my professional life, with M. Heller's works, each year bringing with it stronger conviction of their individuality and proof of their constant freshness, and the personal relations with their author that I have during the same period been permitted to enjoy, are at least qualifications I may, without presumption, claim for the duty that has been confided to me."

From the "Musical Standard," October 11.

"To praise the pleasant, genial, refined writings of Stephen Heller is to 'gild refined gold.' He has won his way in all quarters by the earnest purpose, the genial warmth, and the refined form of his compositions. These Studies are not, like Czerny's 'Fingerfertigkeit' or his 'Etude de Vélocité,' written to develop muscular power or mere rapidity of execution; nor are they, like the shoals of 'tutors' with which the market is flooded, silly selections of 'airs' which never instruct anybody how to do anything. Heller had a higher purpose; he wished to teach the student of the pianoforte to love music, and to be a musician first and a virtuoso afterwards. These Studies are not, as a rule, difficult to play, and their great superiority consists in the fact that while they develop technique, they develop also that soul of which technique is but the bodily frame. There are in all one hundred and seventy-seven Studies, and all are carefully and judiciously fingered. Messrs

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From the "Musical Times," November, 1879.

"Those who make teaching an art cannot too strongly insist upon the necessity of every pupil being well grounded in elementary principles. The many who commence in the middle spend a large portion of valuable time in trying to reach the end, or in struggling back to the beginning, and rarely, if ever, succeed in doing either. In the acquisition of music, vocal or instrumental, it is of vital importance, that the right method shall be ensured in the first instance; and we give a cordial welcome therefore to any works which will contribute towards this desirable object. The Studies of Stephen Heller have been long known to and thoroughly appreciated by all good pianoforte teachers; but we have always been of opinion that a better arrangement as to progressive difficulty might have been effected by the composer. Some attempt to do this has already been made by Herr Hans Schnitt, of Vienna, who wrote out a table of the various studies in the order he would recommend them for practice. As the Editor of the work now before us, however, truly remarks, 'to make a perfectly graduated study of them it was necessary to be at once possessed of the entire work, consisting of twenty books.' Nothing, then, could be done to remove this objection but to place the work in the hands of an experienced master, and rely upon his judgment to put them into the required order, so that the number of the book should indicate the degree of difficulty. This has been effectually accomplished in the edition just published. Mr Lindsay Sloper, besides being a recognised public pianist, brings a large amount of experience in teaching to his task, and the result is highly satisfactory; for not only are the twenty books excellently classified for the practice of the student, but the books may be purchased separately, 'with the security,' as the Editor tells us in his preface, 'that each study therein contained is of about equal mechanical difficulty with the rest.' In a previous edition of these Studies the Composer says: 'I have wished to habituate both students and amateurs to execute a piece with the expression, grace, elegance, or energy required by the peculiar character of the composition. More particularly have I endeavoured to awaken in them a feeling for musical rhythm and a desire for the most exact and complete interpretation of the Author's intentions.' In justice to Mr Lindsay Sloper these observations should be borne in mind, lest—as the classification is not strictly according to the mere mechanical difficulty of each study—it might be imagined that his arrangement was faulty. The delicate gradations of touch, so essential to the due performance of these thoughtful little pieces require to be very carefully studied; and brain-work as well as finger-work must be considered in estimating 'difficulty.' We have carefully looked over the whole of the twenty books, and most conscientiously award the highest praise to the Editor for the manner in which he has discharged a duty which, from his admiration of the Studies and his personal friendship with their Composer, has evidently been a labour of love. The intrinsic musical beauty of all these pieces, as well as their usefulness in forming a refined and intellectual style of performance, should earn for them a world-wide acceptance; and we cannot but believe that, valuable as they have ever been, they will be doubly so in the form now issued to the public."

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